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CLEOMELIA:
OR, THE
GENEROUS MISTRESS!

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To which is added,

**I. The LUCKY RAPE: Or, FATE THE BEST
DISPOSER.**

**II. The CAPRICIOUS LOVER: Or, NO
TRIFLING WITH A WOMAN.**

*Winds may be shun'd, and Rains, and scorching Heat
From Love alone, no Mortal can retreat. Rook's Sel. Tr. P.I.*

L O N D O N:

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CLEOMELIA;
OR THE
GENEROUS MISTRESS.



AN *English* Merchant, to be known by the Name of *Malaventure*, having been, by great Losses at Sea, and imprudent Management at Home, reduc'd to very great Straits, resolv'd to seek in foreign Climates that Repose which the daily Insults of the more Prosperous deny'd him here. *Bengall* was represented to him as a Place which might be advantageous to him, and having formerly had some Dealings with the Factory there, was that which he made Choice of. His Family at that Time consisted of a Wife and little Son, whom with himself he remov'd thither in as handsome a manner as his Circumstances would admit. But alas! he found that Change of Situation had made but little Alteration in his manner of Life; he continued to eat the Bread of Carefulness, and if his Gains encreas'd, his Charge grew greater also; his Wife in a few Years bringing him five more Children, four of which were Sons, and the youngest a Daughter. All that he had to console him amidst the Fatigues

rigues he labour'd under to support so numerous a Family, was, that the Distresses he was in were not seen by them among whom he was known in a better State, and that he was treated both by the Natives and those of other Countries, who resided there, with a Civility beyond what he could have expected from Strangers, or had found in *England* since his Misfortunes, from those who had been of his most intimate Acquaintance, or even had receiv'd the greatest Obligations from him. His Industry however succeeded so well, that his Affairs grew every Day rather better than worse; and tho' he could not be said to have an Affluence, yet was there no Scarcity to be seen of any Thing that was needful about him. His Sons becoming of an Age which requir'd the Embellishments of Learning, he sent to *England* for the Advantage of their Education in the Mathematicks, and other useful Accomplishments; but his Daughter he kept at Home under the Care of her Mother, with whom he knew she could be taught as much as was necessary for a Person of her Sex to be instructed in. He began now indeed to taste something of the Sweets of Contentment; his Spirit beings by Degrees brought to that Resignation which all Men ought to have to the Will of Heaven, he look'd on it as a Blessing, that he had the Power of bringing up his Family in such a Manner as might enable them hereafter to acquire Wealth, since he had none to leave them. In fine, he supported the want of those Things which were deny'd him, in the Consideration of those he was permitted to enjoy, and receiving thankfully the *present*, repin'd not at the *past*, nor was anxious for the *future*.

In this tranquil Disposition of Mind did his Wife leave him, summon'd by that Call, which no Mortal is able to resist: As they had liv'd

liv'd for many Years in the most unalterable Affection with each other, he was extremely afflicted at her Death; but the Beauty and sweet Behaviour of the young *Cleomelia*, so was his Daughter call'd, was of infinite Service to console him in this Misfortune; she was now arriv'd at the Age of Fourteen; and the Arguments she made use of to make him easy under this Calamity, her perfect Obedience, Study to please him, and Penetration in discovering what would most do so, made him see that if Heaven had depriv'd him of one Comfort, it had bestow'd on him another, and that in a greater Measure than he could have expected; her Modesty and Silence having till this unhappy Occasion never given him the Opportunity of knowing what a Treasure he was Master of. — He now found her capable of being his Companion, House-keeper, and to officiate in all the Duties of a Servant, a Daughter, and a Friend.

These good Qualities, join'd with her personal Perfections, render'd her not only extremely dear to her Father, but also gain'd her the Admiration of as many as were Witnesses of her Behaviour; the Wit, the Beauty, the good Humour, and Virtue of *Cleomelia* was the Discourse of the whole *English Factory*, and tho' every one was sensible how little *Malaventure* was able to do for her in the Point of Wealth, yet the richest among them thought her a fit Match for the Heir of their Possessions. Among the Number of those who sollicit-ed her Father on this Score was *Heartlove*, a Man of great Credit and Reputation, and who having but one Son, had taken Care to have him educated in a manner such as might have pleas'd the most elegant Taste. *Malaventure*, tho' he took an infinite Pleasure in the Society of his amiable Daughter, would gladly have consented to part

with her in a way so advantageous to herself: He therefore promis'd the old Gentleman, that he would speak to *Cleomelia*, and added withal, that he doubted not but that she would receive the Proposal with as much Satisfaction as was consistent with the Modesty of her Sex, and in that Confidence invited young *Heartlove* to his House, that he might have an Opportunity of pleading of his own Cause.

But how early do we learn to be Hypocrites, when once Love's soft Enchantments have seiz'd our tender Hearts: Young as *Cleomelia* was, she had already felt the Force of the ensnaring God, and had the Artifice to conceal it, not only from her Father, but the whole World. There had for some time resided at *Bengall* a Gentleman to whom we shall give the Name of *Favonius*; he was every way the Reverse of *Heartlove*; the one esteem'd the Virtues of the Mind above the Goods of Fortune, thought himself happy in the Hope of obtaining for his Son, a Woman of so much Discretion and Management as *Cleomelia* without any other Dowry than her good Qualities. The other center'd his whole Desires in Wealth, and thought with *Hudibras*,

‘ *What's the worth of any thing*
‘ *But so much Money as 'twill bring.*

and tho' he had a numerous Family of Children, and far inferior in Riches to *Heartlove*, yet having perceiv'd an Inclination in *Gasper*, the elder of his Sons, to make his Addresses to the Daughter of *Malaventure*, he conceiv'd the utmost Disdain at it, and forbid the young Gentleman on pain of his eternal Curse, ever to think on her in that manner: But little do Children regard the Remonstrances of their Parents when Love is

is in the question. *Gasper* was truly charm'd with *Cleomelia*, and all that his Father cou'd alledge was too weak to contend with his more powerful Passion; he had acquainted her with the Influence she had on him, and he continu'd to give her all the Proofs of it he was able in the Privacy with which he was constrain'd to behave: They were such however as engag'd a Return from her the most tender that a virtuous Maid cou'd pay; and tho' in her Moments of Reflection she cou'd promise herself nothing in this clandestine Amour but a continued Series of Fears and Inquietudes, yet were those very Anxieties a Pleasure when endur'd for him, and she thought it a greater Glory to dye *Gasper's*, than to live with any other Man in all that Splendor which the World calls Happiness. — He not daring to visit her at Home, she had condescended frequently to give him a Meeting at the House of a particular Friend, who was privy to the Affair, and on whose Fidelity both of them rely'd. The Conversation with which they entertain'd each other was mournfully tender; she sometimes told him, that tho' she cou'd without Murmuring at her Fate resolve to live for ever unmarried for his Sake, yet she cou'd not be content that he shou'd neglect all the Opportunities he might have of making his Fortune; — forget me *Gasper*, wou'd she say, and transfer those Affections with which you honour me to some more worthy Object. — Some one with whom you may be happy both in Love and Interest; my adverse Fate will suffer no such hope; 'tis enough therefore that one of us is wretched, — Wretched did I say, I meant it not, I cannot be so when I hear my *Gasper* is blest. But *Gasper*, then answers he, must be the most curs'd of all his Sex, the most undone
and

and lost without his *Cleomelia*. — No, no, my Angel! think not I have so poor a Taste of Happiness, as to think Riches a Compensation for my want of thee — 'Tis thou that makest the Sum of all my Wishes, my Hopes; my Fears, are center'd all in thee, thou best, thou only Object of my desiring Soul.

It was the Moment she return'd from one of these dear, pleasing, painful Interviews, that *Malaventure* communicated to her the Proposal just then made him by *Heartlove*: In what a Disposition she was in to receive it, the Reader will easily imagine without my Information: She conceal'd her Dislike, however, with as much Cunning as she had done her Love, and only telling her Father that if he so thought fit, she cou'd be much better contented to remain in a single State, made him conclude the little Pleasure she express'd at being belov'd by a Man of so superior a Fortune and great Accomplishments, was owing either to her affectionate Duty for him, or to the natural Reserve of her Humour both which he had often observ'd had been extraordinary in a Person of her Years: He therefore set himself to argue with her of how great an Advantage such a Match would be; that if she refus'd this Offer, she might probably never have such another in her whole Life; and that no Consideration of himself shou'd impede her consenting to it, he assured her that as he grew old, and cou'd not expect to continue long in this World, nothing cou'd make him quit it with so much Resignation as the Thoughts that he had left her happily provided for and settled. To his Commands he joyn'd Entreaties also, that when young *Heartlove* made his Addresses to her, she wou'd receive them as from a Man whom she intended shou'd be her Husband. Not
only

only that Obedience she had accustom'd herself to pay to the Will of her Father in every thing, but likewise a certain Punctilio, rais'd by an Excess of Tenderneſs to *Gasper* that Moment in her Soul, made her promise to do as was requir'd of her. — Suppose, said she within herself, I shou'd resolve to throw myself into the Arms of *Heartlove*, and by that Means cure *Gasper* of a Passion which my Reason tells me must be vain, wou'd it not be a nobler Testimony of my Love than any I cou'd give? — By acting thus, I obey my Father, free *Gasper* from the Fears of *Favonius's* Displeasure, and put it past even my own Power of yielding to accept those Demonstrations of his Affection which cannot but bring Ruin on him. — It is my own Peace of Mind alone that I destroy, and I ought to refuse nothing for him who wou'd sacrifice all for me.

In this Resolution, she behav'd to young *Heartlove* in such a manner as highly satisfied this passionate Lover; she permitted him to visit her every Day, and if she discover'd no Tokens of the Tenderneſs he endeavour'd to inspire, she dissembled so much Contentment at the Proofs he gave of his, that he had not the least Cause to doubt but that a little Time wou'd make her as absolutely a Lover as he cou'd wish.

Nothing of this Nature can be transacted without occasioning some Discourse among the Acquaintance of both Parties, and as neither *Malaventure* nor *Heartlove* had any Reason for concealing their Designs, nothing was more universally talk'd of than the Love of these young People, and their intended Marriage. *Gasper*, whose Passion for *Cleomelia* had been no Secret, was inform'd of it with all those tormenting Additions which People are apt to make when they relate any thing, especially when they know how deeply

ly the Person who listens is interested in the Affair — Never was Amazement, never was Dispair superior to that of this distracted Lover; he had thought himself so secure of the Affections of *Cleomelia*, that nothing could have estrang'd them from him, and at first scarce gave Credit to the News; but when from different Mouths he heard the same Report confirm'd, and that there was no longer Room to flatter himself with the Opinion of her Sincerity, Madness was mean to the worse Horrors of his aching Brain — Sometimes despising all Considerations of his Father's Rage at the Discovery how far he had proceeded with *Cleomelia*, he was for going to the House of *Malaventure*, and openly reproach her Falshood and Inconstancy — Sometimes he was for sending a Challenge to his Rival, and seem'd resolute to make him yield his Pretensions, or by his own Death leave him in free Possession of them — But both these Intentions being suggested but by the Violence of a sudden Passion, he submitted to the cooler Remonstrance of Reason, which told him how unadvised it wou'd be to proceed to either of these Extremes, till he had first spoken in private to *Cleomelia*, and that it wou'd be time enough to have recourse to Revenge after he had heard what Motives had induc'd her to so strange an Alteration: He therefore took Pen and Paper, and wrote to her in the following Manner.

To the most cruel, most inconstant and most ungrateful of her Sex, yet still too much beloved, too charming CLEOMELIA.

“ **T**HAT all these Epithets are your Due,
 “ your late Behaviour, and my continuing
 “ to avow a Tenderneſs after the Knowledge of
 “ it, is too ſad a Demonſtration — Yet how difficult
 “ was

" was it for me to believe you false ! — Heavens !
 " how long did my fond Heart struggle e'er it
 " wou'd receive the dreadful Truth — I oppos'd
 " Reason, and suspected the Testimonies of those
 " most worthy of Belief ; my Love still represen-
 " ted 'twas impossible that *Cleomelia* e'er cou'd
 " change ; that *Cleomelia*, who has so often swore
 " her *Gasper* shou'd be ever dearer to her Soul
 " than Life, than Health, Ambition, than all that
 " can be wish'd or sought on Earth — But oh !
 " those Hope-inspiring Dictates all are hush'd,
 " and black Detection now supplies their Place
 " — Can'st thou deny that thou hast not encour-
 " aged a Rival's Expectations — Does not
 " *Heartlove* triumph over the abandon'd *Gasper* ?
 " Yes, Yes, he does, nor hast thou ought to offer
 " in Contradiction to the World's Report — I
 " am too sure undone, and thou perfidious —
 " But do not think that I will tamely bear it ; —
 " No, fair Apostate ! no, 'tis by my Death alone
 " that he can secure himself the Possession of those
 " Joys to which I have a prior Claim, — a
 " Claim which to the latest Moments of my Life
 " I will maintain — *Heartlove* or *Gasper* shall
 " in a few Hours fall the Sacrifice of perjur'd
 " Beauty and Tenderness abus'd — This is the
 " fix'd Resolution of my Soul, and can only be
 " delay'd by your meeting me at the usual Ren-
 " dezvous, and giving me some Shadow at least
 " of a Reason for what you have done. —
 " I wou'd know from your own Mouth in what
 " my Rival merits more than I — If you can
 " convince me, that your Change is just, I may
 " perhaps turn all my Vengeance on my own
 " Unworthiness, and dye, to leave you in a Tran-
 " quility, which, while living, it will not be in
 " my Power to restrain myself from disturbing
 " — Write to me, but feign not an Excuse for
 B " denying

“ denying me the desir’d Meeting — Remem-
 “ ber that nothing else will be a Ransom for
 “ your new Lover’s Life, or satisfy the injur’d

GASPER.

“ If I receive not an immediate Answer, my Pen
 “ at the Return of my Messenger shall be em-
 “ ploy’d to *Heartlove*, in a Billet of a different
 “ Nature. Adieu dear, lovely, cruel Destroyer
 “ of my eternal Peace, and Ruin of my Soul.

What became of *Cleomelia* at the Receipt of this! *Gasper* was by Nature tender, gentle, and obliging, and she knew such a Letter as this cou’d be only the Effects of the utmost Desperation — She doubted not of the Sincerity of his Affections, yet believed not the Loss of his Hopes wou’d have made him have Recourse to Revenge — Never was Woman in greater Perplexity in what Manner she shou’d answer; she fear’d the Strength of her own Resolution in his Presence, yet dreaded the fatal Consequence of her Absence — Fain wou’d she have delay’d seeing him, till by being really the Wife of *Heartlove*, she had put it out of her Power to obey the Dictates of her Love, but durst not hazard the Effects of a Despair which appear’d so ungovernable — She resolv’d therefore, at last, rather to trust herself than him, and being reminded by the Messenger that his Master had orderd him to be speedy in his Return, sat down and wrote him an Answer in this Manner.

To the most deserving but unjust. GASPER.

“ I wonder not at your Reproaches, tho’ I am
 “ not guilty of having done any Thing to
 “ merit them — I love you *Gasper* much more
 “ than you can be sensible of by any Thing I can
 “ say; *Deeds* shall therefore prove the Truth of
 “ my Affection — Were I in Reality as criminal

“ as

“ as you seem to think, you cou’d not lay a Pun-
 “ nishment more severe upon me than this Inter-
 “ view will afford; Shame wou’d then sufficient-
 “ ly be my Tormentor; but as I have never swerv’d
 “ one Moment even in Thought from that in-
 “ deliable Tendernefs I have vow’d; as I have
 “ loved, and still do love you with the extremest
 “ Passion that a Soul is capable of feeling, how
 “ terrible is it for me to see you, and tell you I
 “ must do so no more — Be so good to spare
 “ me the Pain of speaking, and let Thought in-
 “ form you why I proceed in this Manner —
 “ I will however obey your cruel Summons
 “ — You shall find me at the appointed Place
 “ this Evening about Five — Oh how shocking
 “ to all my softer Sentiments are the Apprehen-
 “ sions of this Tryal, yet it must be endur’d —
 “ you will have it so, and there is no other way
 “ to make you sensible of the Love and Resolu-
 “ tion of the unhappy

CLEOMELIA.

Never was any Enigma more difficult to be ex-
 plain’d than this Letter was by the impatient
Gasper; it seem’d to him to contain Incongruities
 which cou’d no way be reconciled — To tell
 him that she loved him with so inviolable and
 extreme a Tendernefs, and at the same time tell
 him that she must see him no more, appear’d to
 be Things incomparable — She had nothing to
 alledge in the Behalf of her Constancy and the Re-
 ality of what she said, but that Duty was opposed
 to Love, and it was in Obedience to her Father
 she encourag’d the Addresses of his Rival —
 But of this they had before debated, and she had
 often assur’d him that no Compulsion shou’d ob-
 lige her to give her Hand where she cou’d not
 also give her Heart — The more he consider’d,

the more mysterious he found her Meaning; and Conjecture was wholly at a loss:——He was therefore compell'd to wait the unfolding this Riddle 'till he shou'd see the Person who alone had Power to do it; but with what Degree of Patience he did so, let any one who loves be Judge.

The long'd-for Hour, in which *Cleomelia* had promis'd to meet him, drew near, and 'tis not to be believ'd that he waited till the Clock had struck; he prevented the Time, and was at the House where he expected her some Moments before she came: But when he saw her enter, where is the Pen that can as it deserves describe their Meeting —— A Rage-mix'd Tenderness diffus'd itself through all his Air, and a fix'd Melancholly, a sad Serenity sat on her every Feature.

—— Silent a-while they stood, each waiting till the other shou'd begin, or kept from speaking by the various Agitations of their tumultuous Souls:

—— But Love and Fondness getting at last the better of all other Emotions in the Mind of the enamour'd *Gasper*, he advanced towards her, and taking her in his Arms, and pressing her with all the Eagerness of soft Desire; Oh why! cry'd he, why *Cleomelia*, hast thou treated me in this Manner! —— Why, is it that we meet thus mournfully? —— Why do thy Eyes, whose kind enlivening Glances have used to chear my Soul, now wear a fullen Cloud, the Badge of cold Indifference? No *Gasper*, answer'd she, with a deep Sigh, not of Indifference, but Love and Grief

—— Such as befits my State, my sad Despair; for Oh! I come, since you compel me to the cruel Task, to take my everlasting Leave —— To beg you will forget me, — Banish me your Thoughts, as from this Moment I have resolv'd to endeavour to lose all Memory of you — She was proceeding, but

but the Impatience of his Passion wou'd not suffer him to hear her out. Confusion! interrupted he, unloosing her from his Embrace, and starting wildly some Paces back, can'st thou avow thy Falshood to my Face? Oh brand me not, resum'd she, with so abhorr'd a Crime:— It is not Falshood nor Levity of Nature, nor Indifference, but Excess of Love, Excess of Love for *Gasper*, makes me denounce those dear Delights his Kindness yielded, quit all the Heaven of rewarded Tenderness, and give myself where not one Grain of Inclination leads.—Thy Happiness, far above my own I prize, and to restore that Heart I have not the Power to bless, will put an End at once to Fears, and Hopes, and all numberless Perplexities which attend a Passion such as ours when cross'd by Fate, I have determin'd to marry *Heartlove*. Death and Hell, rejoyn'd He, wholly unable to contain himself, was there ever any thing like this! — Where hast thou learnt the Art, fair treacherous Sophister! in Words so soft to wrap a Tale of such an unmatch'd Horror! — Thinkst thou I can believe thee — is it the Effects of Love to inflict Tortures, such as I sustain, to damn me past all Possibility of Hope, and bless my Rival — by Heaven thou art all Hypocrisy, all Artifice, and I have been impos'd on by my good Opinion of thy Virtues — but now I see through all thy base Designs — Mercenary, cruel Woman! had *Favonius* consented to smile upon our Love, thou hadst been constant, and *Heartlove* sigh'd in vain; but he averse to my Desires, thou fearest his Anger; and vers'd already in the Maxims of the vile interested World, avoidst a Husband who may perhaps be able to jointure thee in nothing but his Heart, — Oh! then no more prophane the Name of Love, but own thyself the Votary of Fortune.

Fortune. As he spoke these Words he walk'd hastily backwards and forwards in the Room, his own distracted Agitations preventing him from observing the Effect which these upbraidings had work'd on her, and just as he had concluded them, oppress'd and suffocated with the stifled Passions, she fell down in a Swoon on the Floor. So unexpected a Sight, in a Moment turn'd him all to Tenderness and Pity; he repented what he said, and again believ'd her the most excellent of her Sex, — he endeavour'd to call back her fleeting Spirits with all the Words of soft Affection; but they being ineffectual, he rose from her; cry'd out that she was dead, that he had murder'd her, and had certainly reveng'd her seeming Death by inflicting a real one on himself, if the Noise he made had not brought the People of the House to the Relief of both; just as he was on the Point of falling on his Sword, they disarm'd him, and applying proper Remedies to her, soon brought her to herself, which as soon as she was; Cruel *Gasper*, cry'd she, looking pitifully on him, how greatly have you wrong'd my Love and Truth, but my Death will in a little time make known, if it was for *Gasper* or *Heartlove* I wish to live. A Torrent of Tears here stop'd the Passage of her Words, and the griev'd Lover falling at her Feet, by that Action, as well as by the most tender Expressions, endeavour'd to convince her of his Penitence, and at the same time mingled, with his Entreaties of Forgiveness, all the Arguments he was able to muster up against her persevering in her Resolution of marrying *Heartlove*; assuring her, that if in Consideration of her Peace, he attempted nothing against her Husband, not all the World should prevent him from laying violent Hands on his own Life. He bound
this

this Asseveration with so many solemn Oaths, and had even in his very Rage discover'd so many Tokens of an unvanquishable Passion, that as *Cleomelia* had determin'd to marry *Heartlove* for no other Reason than to cure him of a hopeless Flame, she now found it more requisite for his Safety that she should alter her Designs, and therefore raising him with all the Endearments of a modest Tendernefs,———Since, my *Gasper*, said she, you prefer a Life of lingering Impatience, a long Series of Fears and Troubles, sweetned only by now and then a little Love, to that noble Freedom which I wou'd have restor'd you to, tho' at the Expence of my own eternal Misery, you shall have your Choice, I will discard *Heartlove*, listen to the Sounds of Love from no other Voice but yours, and wait with Patience till the Stars shall decree some happy Revolution in our Fate, and enable us to acknowledge the long hid Mystery of our united Souls. The Transports of Joy with which he receiv'd this Condescension were proportion'd to those of Rage and Grief, which fill'd his Thoughts at her declaring the Contrary : But the first Violence of them being a little over, those Doubts which are ever the Companions of a violent Affection, represented to him that perhaps she had said thus much only to appease the present Storm of his Despair, that when they were parted she might relapse into her former Sentiments, or 'twas possible, having proceeded so far with *Heartlove*, be compel'd by her Father to make good her Promise to him : He therefore insisted on a formal Contract, and assur'd her nothing could make him perfectly easy but that : She who had nothing at Heart but the Desire of pleasing him consented ; and the Person at whose House they were, having some understanding in the Law, was call'd in, and desir'd to draw up an Obligation

tion between them both never to be but one anothers. It was accordingly done, and being sign'd by each with their respective Names, *Cleomelia* never free from Fears for her dear *Gasper*, entreated it might be kept in Custody of the same Gentleman who had wrote it, not knowing, as she said, but some Accident might expose it to *Favonius*, should he keep it about him: *Gasper* approv'd of this Advice, and desir'd his Friend to put it safely up, which he having promis'd to do, he withdrew, leaving the Lovers to entertain each other.

Of how encroaching a Nature is *Love*; the more it obtains, the more it still desires, and never satisfy'd till in full Possession of all the darling Object has to bestow: *Gasper* having perswaded the Charmer of his Soul to accede thus far to his Wishes, made use of all the Arguments his Passion and Eloquence could inspire him with to make her yet more securely his own: I am, said he, as much your Husband as Vows can make me; the Ceremony of the Church is the least Part, and that you know cannot be perform'd in a Country where the Priests are too scrupulous to do their Office without the Consent of Parents; since the Delay is therefore not my Fault, but my Misfortune, why should I be debarr'd from those Rights to which the Name of Husband gives me Claim? — Why my charming Wife should you scruple to prove yourself mine by yielding that to Love and Inclination, which had you married *Heartlove*, you must have submitted to through Duty? — All these Motives plead in my behalf, and tell you, that you must refuse nothing to your Husband and your Lover. — By such kind Discourses, join'd to more perswasive Excitements of Looks and Gestures, she was in a little time prevail'd on

to be indeed a Wife, and the raptur'd *Gasper* receiv'd a full Reward for all his past Disquiets.— They pass their Hours in mutual Endearments and renew'd Vows of an everlasting Love, till the Decline of the Sun reminded *Cleomelia* she should be expected at Home ; with an infinite Regret on both Sides did they Part, tho' soon to meet again ; neither of their Desires being such as Possession would abate.

Cleomelia had now Leisure to reflect on what she had done, and the manner in which she must proceed with *Heartlove*. The Love and Merits of her dear *Gasper* made her easily absolve herself for the Condescensions she had made him ; but was very much troubled that she had encourag'd the Addresses of the other, having no way to retract the obliging Things she had said to him, without appearing guilty of a Levity and Changeableness of Mind which she was ashamed of : But this was the least of her Vexations ; that young Gentleman in all his Actions had discover'd so true and disinterested an Affection for her, that she knew it was impossible to break off with him without driving him to a Despair, which she had too much Gratitude and Generosity in her Nature not to be sincerely afflicted at : But the most to be dreaded of all the rest, was that she knew not what to say to her Father in Excuse for this sudden Alteration in her Humour ; she fear'd his Displeasure, and indeed had too much Love mingled with her Duty not to be extremely concern'd at the Necessity of doing a Thing, at which she knew he would be as much griev'd as offended. — Yet difficult as all these Things were, it was now impossible to avoid them, she must appear what was most the Reverse of her Inclination, and be contented to endure the Character of light, inconstant, ungrateful
C and

and disobedient; to Love she had sacrific'd all that else was dear to her, and in Love alone she could hope to be consoled.

She was the best Part of the Night debating within herself, whether she should first acquaint *Heartlove* or her Father with the Change of her Humour; she fear'd, that if she should apply to the latter of them, entreating him to break the Matter to the other, he would be so far from complying with her Desires, that he would rather lay a second Command on her more strenuous than the first, never to harbour any other Thoughts than those of being his Wife; and if she requested of the other to refrain his Visits, and give over his Pretensions, she apprehended as bad a Consequence from Complaints which he would probably make to *Malaventure*. — The Uncertainty what to do render'd her extremely disquieted; but at last the Generosity and Submission with which *Heartlove* had always behav'd to her, put a Project into her Head which she was resolv'd to try the Success of, thinking, that if it fail'd, she would yet be in no worse a Condition than she was; and if it prosper'd, she should be eas'd of the most shocking Part of her Fears, that of incurring the Displeasure of her Father. In pursuance of this Stratagem, early in the Morning she wrote to *Heartlove* in the following Manner.

To the most worthy HEARTLOVE.

S I R,

“ I T is not unknown to you, that I at first en-
 “ I courag'd your Pretensions but in obedi-
 “ ence to the Commands of my Father; but you
 “ are yet to learn, that in spite of your great Me-
 “ rits,

" rits, you have not since been able to inspire me
 " with that just Sensibility of them I ought to have
 " had, and should certainly have confest, had not
 " my Heart, (before you made an Offer of yours)
 " been too deeply engag'd.—Pity me ; I would not
 " be ungrateful for the Honour of your Affecti-
 " ons, but am constrain'd to appear so, and at
 " the same time to ask a Proof of your Love,
 " such as perhaps no Woman ever did.—But it
 " is the Confidence I have in your Generosity
 " which alone could give me Assurance to do
 " it — Refrain your Visits I beseech you, since I
 " dare not take the Liberty of commanding it ;
 " decline a Suit which for the Reasons I have
 " told you must be vain, and must, if prosecuted,
 " render me the most miserable Woman in the
 " World.—I am certain you have too much De-
 " licacy to be pleas'd with the enforc'd Possession
 " of what most you wish ; and as I never can be
 " yours by Choice, be contented with the Assu-
 " rance that you will not see me anothers, and
 " endeavour not to add to my Misfortunes, by
 " exposing what I write to my Father — Let
 " the breaking off the intended Match between
 " us appear wholly on your Side ; be so good as
 " to take on you the Character of Inconstancy,
 " rather than suffer me to labour under that of
 " Ingratitude. — In fine, relinquish me, leave
 " me to myself, and I will esteem you, adore
 " you, worship you as my Guardian Angel, do
 " every thing but love you, and that is not in
 " my Power. — I was not born to be so happy ;
 " pardon then, and commiserate

The Unfortunate

CLEOMELIA.

C 2

P. S.

P. S. “ I entreat your speedy Answer ; my
 “ Soul is all in Confusion and Distraction ; let the
 “ Return of my Messenger dissipate some Part of
 “ it, if with the Love you have so often vow’d,
 “ there be the least Mixture of Friendship for
 “ *Cleomelia*.

Never did any Mind labour under Anxieties more severe, more perplex’d than did that of this unhappy Lady ; she knew that *Heartlove* lov’d her to all the Extremes of the most doating Passion, and could not tell how to think he would have more Government of his Passion than *Gasper* had been Master of. — She began to prepare herself for all the Reproaches he could load her with, and was every Moment expecting when she should see him enter with a Resentment, which she could not have found in her Heart to have condemn’d, tho’ it had been the utter Destruction of her Designs : When the Person whom she had sent came back with a Letter in his Hand, which opening with a Mixture of Hope and Fear, she found it contain’d these Lines.

To the cruel, but forever adorable C L E O -
M E L I A.

“ **Y**OU command my immediate Reply ; I
 “ dare not, Madam but obey, tho’ well
 “ you may believe a Letter, such as this I have
 “ receiv’d, must put me in a Condition little capa-
 “ ble of doing it — Good God ! how much
 “ more severe e’en than offended Heaven, is
 “ the Punishment you lay on me, for having
 “ entertained Hopes too presuming. — The Man
 “ that’s sentenc’d to the Rack, is not oblig’d to
 “ strain the Cords himself which crack his
 “ tortur’d

" tortur'd Nerves, ——— The very damn'd hold
 " not themselves the avenging Whips which
 " lash their Crimes, ——— But I am doom'd
 " at once to lose my Paradise, and to seem pleas'd
 " with Ruin. — Oh can I renounce those glori-
 " ous Hopes to which you have rais'd me, — Seem
 " to avoid what I would hazard ten Thousand
 " Lives to gain — Appear an Apostate where I
 " should die a Martyr, can it be possible! — Yes,
 " all things are to Love like mine; if I cannot
 " obtain *Cleomelia*, I will testify that I deserve
 " her. — Let the World blame or laugh at my
 " suppos'd Stupidity and Inconstancy, I prize
 " your Peace at a much greater Rate than all
 " that can befall myself. — What I shall say to
 " excuse my seeming Baseness to your Father,
 " or my own, as yet, I know not; but depend
 " upon it I shall do nothing in Opposition to
 " your almighty Will. — May the Man, or more
 " than Man, whom you vouchsafe to bless with
 " your Affection, be but half as sensible of the
 " unbounded Joy as I should be, you will then
 " be as supremely happy as I am the contrary;
 " but in whatever State I am, I never can be
 " ought but

The dear unkind CLEOMELIA's

everlasting Votary,

HEART LOVE.

The Pleasure with which *Cleomelia* receiv'd this
 Grant of this Request was very much damp'd by
 the Grief she knew it caus'd in him who oblig'd
 her; but as it is natural to prefer ones own Satis-
 faction to that of any other Persons, excepting
 the Man one loves, it easily wore off, and she ap-
 plauded the Force of her own Charms, which
 cou'd not only create the most violent Passions,
 but also inspire an Awe which should make those
 possess'd

possess'd of that Passion, dare to proceed no farther than she pleas'd, and resign their very Wills to her's.

A Day or two after these Letters had past between her and *Heartlove*, her Father came in very melancholly, and taking her aside, My Dear Daughter, said he, I hope you have not settled your Affections on the Man whom my mistaken Care recommended to you. so far as not to be able to withdraw them when you shall know how much he is unworthy of them, — In fine, my dear *Cleomelia*, continued he, he has declin'd his Pretensions to you, told his Father that he desires to live some time longer unmarried, and to that End, has prevail'd with him to let him go to travel ; — It was with all the Confusion and Vexation in the World, my good old Friend acquainted me with this Change of his Humour, but let me see withal that he cou'd refuse nothing to an only Son. — But be of Comfort, Child, I do not doubt but thy Virtues will make thee as happy with another as thou couldst have been with him.

As it was only in Obedience to your Commands, Sir, answer'd she, that I receiv'd his Addresses, I rather rejoyce than the contrary, to find Fortune and the Mutability of his Temper has so much favour'd my Inclinations, which I confess were never to become his Wife.

Thus was *Cleomelia* rid of a Lover, whom, to have publickly refus'd, wou'd not only have incurr'd the Displeasure of her Father, but also have given him Suspitions which wou'd have made him endeavour to discover what secret Motive should induce her to act so contrary to the Duty she ow'd to his Commands, and the Suggestions of her own Interest, — She was however extremely touch'd with so unexampled a
 Piece

Piece of Generosity as that she had receiv'd from *Heartlove*, and the more so, when she heard the Talk of his intended Departure from *Bengall* confirm'd by every Body of his Acquaintance ; and in a short time after receiv'd from him a Letter containing these Lines.

*To the dear destroying Angel of my Soul's
Peace, the lov. ly, barbarous, but
for ever adorable CLEOMELIA.*

“ THE cruel Task is over, and I presume
“ you are satisfied, ——— You are eas'd
“ of the Persecutions of the Man you hate, and
“ are at Liberty to indulge your Wishes with the
“ Man you love. ——— What would you more ;
“ yet least your Generosity might be sensible of
“ some little Pain in the Sight of that Ruin to
“ which you have reduc'd a Slave so obedient to
“ your Will, I go to hide it from your Eyes,
“ and in some distant Climate seek that last Re-
“ medy for Woes like mine——In Exchange for
“ all your Cruelty has depriv'd me of, vouchsafe
“ me your Pity.—It will sure be no Injury to my
“ too fortunate Rival, to think with some little
“ Tenderness of a Wretch who falls a willing
“ Sacrifice to his more prevailing Merits.— Oh,
“ may he prove what most you wish.— May he in-
“ deed continue to deserve the Blessing he posses-
“ ses, and you have never Cause to remember
“ my Truth and disinterested Tenderness with-
“ out any other Regret, than what shall be insti-
“ gated by Compassion for my Sufferings. —
“ Farewel forever, Madam.— Oh God ! forever !
“ —At that Word my Pen falls from my trembling
“ Hand.—But my Zeal enabling me once more to
“ resume it, I must employ it in the same manner
“ as

“ as the whole Stock of Breath which Fate allots
 “ me, in Wishes for your endless Happiness—Oh
 “ *Cleomelia* ! may you be ever blest, may Joys on
 “ Joys crowd on each other in an uninterrupted
 “ Round, and Legions of Guardian Spirits al-
 “ ways wait about you, all watchful, zealous,
 “ diligent of their lovely Charge, and kind and
 “ fond as

the ever faithful,

ever devoted

(tho' despairing)

HEART LOVE.

Cleomelia had a Heart too sensible of tender Impressions, not to be prodigiously affected with reading this Epistle, in which she saw so much of the Soul of him who wrote it. — She could not reflect that he lov'd her to that immense Degree, that rather than constrain her Inclinations, he chose to abandon a Father, to whom he was so dear, forsake a Place where he had so many Friends and Acquaintance, and where his whole Fortune depended, and wander into Realms unknown, unfriended, unaccompanied, without confessing his Generosity as his Passion was unequall'd. — She lamented his ill Fate with a Torrent of Tears; and would have wish'd, what perhaps no Woman ever yet did, a sudden Decay of those Charms which had inspir'd him with so strong, yet unvailing a Tendernefs, if a little Consideration of Self-love had not prevented it, by reminding her that such a Change in her might have the same Effect on *Gasper*, to the total Destruction of her Hopes, as she could have been pleas'd it should have work'd on *Heart-love* for the Restoration of his Peace. She read the melancholly Lines again, and again, and grew every Time more troubled than before, till she

she became softned to that Degree, that if she felt not a Love for him of that Nature which alone could make him happy, she did a Friendship which gave her a painful Commiseration for his Misfortunes; and this Tendernefs, as well as the Remonstrances of Gratitude and good Manners, made her resolve to write to him in the most obliging Terms she could invent, without encroaching on the inviolable Affection she had vow'd to *Gasper*.

To the most generous of his Sex, he who of all Mankind has a Soul the most perfectly turn'd for all the tender Offices of Friendship, Charity, Compassion, Zeal, Constancy, and Disinterestedness :

“ **W**ITH what Words, Oh! thou Prodigy
 “ of Goodness, shall I make known the
 “ Sense I have of the unbounded Obligati-
 “ ons I owe to you, or the Grief it gives me to
 “ believe that in conferring them, you act con-
 “ trary to your own Peace. — Oh! that there
 “ were a Way to return some Part of the mighty
 “ Debt I owe you; but as I am a Bankrupt in
 “ all but my good Wishes, be assur'd I conjure
 “ you, that you ever shall have them in the most
 “ tender Manner that my Soul can form. — To
 “ hear the cruel News of your design'd Depar-
 “ ture confirm'd by your own Pen, and to know
 “ that I am the unluckly Cause, fills me with a
 “ Sadness, for which nothing can console me. —
 “ My Heart is rent in the Reflection how much
 “ I rob you of. — Oh, stay! if it be possible,
 “ deprive not a Father of your dear-lov'd Pre-
 “ sence. — Take not from your Friends a Com-
 “ panion, whose Wit, good Humour, and Sin-
 “ cerity

" cerity; alone could give them a true Taste of the
 " Pleasures of Society. — Lose not the Factory
 " a Member whose Ingenuity and Integrity is
 " of so much Service to the whole Body of
 " them. — Nor destroy that Happiness you seem
 " to wish may be my Portion, by the Thoughts
 " how many suffer for my Fault. — My Fault —
 " it is not, but my Misfortune rather. — Oh!
 " that you could convert this wild Passion which
 " drives you to such Extremes into a noble
 " Friendship, how happy should I be to con-
 " verse with you on that Score, to receive and
 " give all the Proofs of which either could
 " desire! — But if it cannot be, if such an Al-
 " teration cannot be effected without Time and
 " Absence, suffer me to hope at least it will one
 " Day happen, that you will be restor'd to us
 " such as I wish, and without any Disquiet to
 " yourself, or Wrong to those Vows I have given
 " to another, I may enjoy the Blessing of your
 " Acquaintance, and testify by every thing in
 " my Power how much I am

An Admirer of your Virtues,

CLEOMELIA.

It is certain, that she wrote nothing that she did
 not think; the Concern she had for him was of
 that tender Nature, that it could be exceeded by
 nothing but the Love she had for his Rival; and
 it was only the daily Endearments she receiv'd
 from him which had the Power of the consoling
 her in the Affliction she felt for the Mis-
 fortunes of the other: Nor did that unhappy
 Gentleman less speak the Sincerity of his Heart;
 he was absolutely determin'd to travel; and to
 that End, was making all necessary Preparations;
 but when every thing was ready, the Winds fa-
 vourable, his Equipage on board the Vessel, and
 the

the Mariners expecting every Moment when he should give Orders for the Long-boat to bring him, an unexpected Accident put a Stop to his Designs, and render'd it an Impossibility for him to leave *Bengall*, without being guilty of the utmost Ingratitude and unnatural Disposition.

Old *Heartlove* was taken with an Indisposition, which from the very Beginning was judg'd to be fatal, and there needed neither Commands nor Perswasions to oblige a Son so perfectly dutiful and affectionate as his was, not to deprive him of his Presence, at a Time when it was so absolutely necessary, both for his Comfort and the Management of their Affairs: He linger'd for some Months, neither growing better, nor so much worse as to think Death near at Hand; and the Melancholly, which to see him in this State involv'd the young Gentleman in, joyn'd with that which before had seiz'd him on the Account of *Cleomelia*, prey'd on his Spirits with so much Severity, that it threw him into a Fever, of which for some time his Life was despair'd of

While the Family of *Heartlove* were thus taken up, *Cleomelia* and her belov'd *Gasper* pass'd their time in all the Felicity which rewarded Affection yeilds.—Happy in the present Possession, they thought not what future Ills might happen to give a sad Allay to their too mighty Joys; and soon alas! it came at once upon them, and took them unprepar'd, and all defenceless to stem the overpowering Tide; *Cleomelia* experienc'd the usual Consequence of Love indulg'd; she felt a little Monitor within her, which reminded her that what she had done could not always be a Secret; and as it grew in Bigness, the Apprehensions of her ensuing Shame grew with it — She communicated to *Gasper* what had befallen her

and that faithful Lover, contrary to the Humour of the Generality of his undoing Sex, being unsatiated with the Charms he had possess'd, and not loving her less for being by her belov'd too much, beg'd that he might make known their mutual Passion, and ratify the Contract by those Ceremonies, which in the World's Eye alone could give a Sanction to their stolen Delights; but she would by no means be brought to consent to it; she knew very well the Disposition of *Favonius*, that it was cruel, avaritious, and unforgiving, and chose rather to endure all the Miseries of her Condition, than occasion any Misfortune to him, who was a thousand times dearer to her than any Consideration of her own could be. — To make him as easy, however, as she could, she told him that she did not doubt concealing her Misfortune from all the World, and that when the time came, that she was to be made a Mother, she would feign some Excuse for leaving her Father's House, and retire to that of the Person where they then were, and which had from the Beginning of their Amour been the Scene of their happy Meetings.

Since she wou'd have it so, he offer'd no more in Contradiction to this Design, and therefore order'd every thing with his Friend, whose Name was *Horsfo*, to be got ready for her against the expected Time, which now drew near at Hand.

But not all the Care which *Cleomelia* took to hide her alter'd Shape, was ineffectual to hinder it from being visible by the prying Eyes of some of her female Acquaintance, who envying her a Reputation, which few of them cou'd boast, had an infinite Pleasure in blabbing the Discovery they had made, — Having once got Air, it soon spread through the whole Factory, and

Mala-

Malaventure being a Person generally esteem'd among them, was soon in a friendly Manner made acquainted with the Report, how severe a Shock it gave him, to know such a thing was conjectured, (for as yet he gave no Credit to it) may easily be imagin'd : And tho' he had never observ'd any thing in his Daughter's Conduct, which cou'd give room for such Discourses, yet he was impatient till he got Home, that he might advise her to be more cautious for the future : Knowing her to be of a mild and gentle Disposition, and believing her perfectly innocent, he did not immediately speak the whole Scandal to her, but began with giving her Hints that a young Maid cou'd never be too circumspect in her Behaviour, and that even in Spite of the utmost Reserve, Detraction and Malice wou'd sometimes pretend to have notic'd an unguarded Action, ——— In this manner did the tender Father usher in the cruel Tale he intended to relate of the Aspersions cast upon her : But alas ! The little he had already said was enough ; she doubted not but her Secret was discover'd, and the Changes of her Countenance, the Tremblings which she cou'd not restrain, and the wild Disorder which appear'd through all her Air, alarm'd the unhappy *Malaventure* much more than all he had been told had done, ——— And looking on her more intently than he had been accusom'd ; ——— Why *Cleomelia*, cry'd he, with an Accent which denoted an extraordinary Agitation in his Mind, why are you confus'd ? Why does the starting Blood in guilty Blushes paint your Cheeks ! ——— And why does now a Death-like Paleness succeed that Crimson Dye ? ——— What is this shakes you thus ? ——— I yet have told you nothing which shou'd occasion such Emotions : And to see you thus, makes

makes me half doubtful, that what I have to say will touch you but too near, ——— But if thou hast been thus wretchedly coufin'd by thy own fond Belief and the base Evils of some deceiving Man, ——— If thou indeed hast made me more unhappy by thy Loss of Honour than all the other Malice of the Stars cou'd do, tell me the Name of thy Undoer, ——— Let me know him, that I may Force him to do thee immediate Justice, ——— These Words at once o'erthrowing all the little Remains of Fortitude that she was mustering to her Aid, she fell Motionless and fainting at his Feet. Anger, and the Thoughts of that Misfortune which he now no longer doubted, if she had brought on him, all at this Sight gave way to Tendernefs, to Pity, and Forgiveness, ——— She was the Darling of his Age, his best belov'd, his favourite Child, and had been bred up in Principles which made him certain she cou'd not have err'd thus far without the Excitement of some Temptation greater than what is ordinarily the Excuse for Frailty ——— He took her in his Arms, and lifting her from the Ground, perceiv'd too plainly that Truth to which till now, (not guessing,) he had been blind : After some little Endeavours to bring her to herself, she open'd her Eyes, but with a look so wild and so perplex'd, as made the indulgent Father resolv'd to utter not the least Word which sounded like reproachful, lest it shou'd deprive her of her Senses or her Life. It was in Terms of Consolation only now he spoke, and mingling with his Desires of knowing the whole Truth of this Affair repeated Assurances of Forgiveness, her Fears at length abated, and judging it best indeed to conceal nothing from a Parent, who so tenderly lov'd her, she discover'd to him the whole Correspondence between

tween herself and *Gasper*, concluding her Discourse with saying, that she hoped she had no farther stray'd from the Rules of Virtue than in having proceeded so far with a Man without having obtain'd the Consent of him who ought to have been the Disposer of her Inclinations, for that she look'd on herself as much the Wife of *Gasper*, as if the Ceremony of the Church had authoriz'd the Considerations she had made him.

Malaventure said but little in answer to the History she had made him; but having determin'd in his own Mind what was most proper to be done in such a Case, went out of the Room, and left her to revolve alone on her Condition.

He went immediately in search of *Gasper*, whom having found, he was beginning to discharge on him some Part of that Resentment which his Fondness had not suffer'd him to let loose on *Cleomelia*; but that young Gentleman reply'd in Terms so full of Humility and Respect, that it was in a short Time very much moderated. — He assur'd him there was nothing on Earth he desir'd with so much Ardency as being united to his Daughter by the most justifiable Tyes, and that he was not so, was only owing to her absolute Refusal of it, fearing to incur the Displeasure of *Favonius*, and depriving him of that Patrimony he expected at his Death. They had a long Conversation on this Affair, in which it was judg'd convenient that they shou'd go together to *Favonius*, and *Malaventure* relating the Injury had been done his Daughter, and *Gasper* the passionate Affection he still continu'd to bear her, endeavour to prevail on him to give Consent to what both of them desir'd with equal Fervency. Neither of them omitted any Thing which cou'd promise Success in their Designs: But that hard-hearted Man

Man was not to be work'd upon by all that they cou'd say, ——— The Entreaty's of a passionately enamour'd Son, the Tears of an afflicted Father, were equally in Vain, 'till the latter perceiving there was no farther Hope in fair Means, threatened to complain to the Governour, and producing the Contract, compel him to allow his Son a sufficient Means of maintaining a Wife, who was not forc'd upon him ; but in Gratitude for the Constancy of his Affection had yeilded to be so. *Favonius* started a little at these Words, and having paus'd upon them, seem'd in a Moment to be wholly chang'd——his Speeches lost all the Disdain with which lately they had been accompanied, and his Eyes their Fierceness, and affecting a kind of yielding to the Reasonings of *Malaventure* : Well, said he, you shall find I will do nothing contrary to Justice, give me till to Morrow to consider of this Matter, and if I find my Son so perfectly devoted to this Lady, as he appears to be before you, I will not render him unhappy by opposing his Desires. *Gasper* was transported at this Concession, and *Malaventure* return'd Home well pleas'd that he had prevail'd so far. He communicated nothing of what he had done to *Cleomelia*, designing to surprize her the next Day with the glad Tidings, when the Affair should be compleated, as he now doubted not but it would.

But how terrible a Disappointment was this unhappy Father's Lot, when going to the House of *Favonius* at the time, in which that Gentleman had promis'd to give his final Answer, he was inform'd by the Servants, that their young Master had gone on board a Ship belonging to his Father, and was set Sail for *Europe* : Distraction scarce comes up to what he felt at the Recital of so base an Action, especially when
he

he was also deny'd coming to the Speech of *Favonius*— He wasted some time in fruitless Railings on the Deceit of the Father, and the Perjury and Ingratitude of the Son; after which he went immediately to the Governour, where relating his Cause, *Favonius* was summon'd to appear: He did so, but clear'd himself by throwing the Odium on his Son, who, he said, unable to support the Thoughts of being compell'd to marry a Woman, not only without a Fortune, but also of a slender Character, and who was at this time great with Child, he knew not whether by himself or any other Person, he had beg'd to fly *Bengall*; which Request, said the old Hypocrite, I could not refuse to a Son so dear to me, and who, till his Acquaintance with the Daughter of *Malaventure*, had always merited my highest Favour.

Thus was this afflicted Father able to obtain no more, Satisfaction for his Wrongs than unavailing Pity, which was but a slender Consolation, when he reflected, that by an Endeavour to retrieve the Reputation of a belov'd Daughter, he had more expos'd it to the Censure of the World. The Agitations of her Mind having something hastned the time of her Delivery, at his Return from the Governor's he found her in those Pangs which Women, becoming Mothers, feel, which soon she was, by bringing into the World a Son whose Infant Smiles in Part consoled her for the Sorrows she had endur'd. Spite of the Emotions of his Grief and Rage, *Malaventure* was still too tender a Father to say any thing which might afflict her in the Condition she then was; but as soon as she was thought to be out of Danger, and had recover'd Strength enough to bear Tidings so distracting, he acquainted her with his Proceedings, and the seem-

ing Infidelity of *Gasper*. At first, the Tenderness she had for him, the Remembrance of his Vows, the Ardors of his Affection, rather encreas'd than any way abated by Enjoyment, made him appear wholly guiltless in her Opinion; she doubted not but he had been compell'd by *Favonius* to act in the manner he had done, and as much as Duty would give her leave, accus'd her Father as the Cause of her Misfortunes, by attempting to force that determin'd Man to any thing which he was resolv'd against: But soon after these Sentiments vanished, and gave way to others more tormenting. — She thought that if *Gasper* were really as innocent as her fond Soul at first believ'd, he might have found some Stratagem to have evaded the cruel Purpose of his Father, or at least have writ to her an Information of the Truth; and this last Reflection was so terrible to her, that it threw her into Convulsions which were very near depriving her of Life: Her Youth however, and more than ordinary Strength of Constitution, enabled her to go through it; she recover'd, but *Mala-venture*, whose Grief sat near his Heart, took his Chamber soon after she was in Condition of quitting hers, and in a few Days resign'd a Life which had been full of Perplexities.

Now was the unhappy *Cleomelia* desolate indeed; she lost not only the most tender Father in the World, but also all the visible Means she had of being supported even with common Necessaries of Life; his late Troubles having render'd him wholly incapable of managing his Affairs, they were left in so ill a Position, that *Cleomelia* found nothing but a few Household Goods for her Dower: Never Woman labour'd under greater or more severe Difficulties; depriv'd of a Lover, who was dearer to her than her Soul, and depriv'd of him, as she imagin'd, by his own Ingratitude

gratitude and Falshood, of a Father the most tender and affectionate, and by his Death of all she now had to depend on, and left with an Infant, whom to see want was the most terrible Affliction; her Reputation lost, her Virtue taint'd, rob'd of all the Joys of Life, and reduc'd to all the Extremes of Poverty, she fell into a Despair, which had perhaps in a little time either took away her Senses, or made her have Recourse to some desperate Remedy for Relief, if the most unlook'd for one had not offer'd itself at a time when she was arriv'd at the utmost Need that Imagination can be capable of comprehending.

The Misfortunes under which she labour'd being now become the Talk of the whole Factory, *Heartlove* could not avoid hearing of them; he was now perfectly recover'd of his Indisposition, but his Father had died of that which had so long afflicted him: He was now at Liberty to act as he pleas'd; and tho' the late Conduct of *Cleomelia* would have made the old Gentleman as much averse to an Alliance with her, as formerly he had been desirous of it, yet not all her Faults could erase the Impression of her Charms in the Heart of this ever faithful Lover. He could not be told of her Distress without desiring to relieve her from it, and laying the whole Blame of what she had done on the Deceit and Infidelity of *Gasper*, absolv'd her in his Mind from all Imputation, and resolv'd if she would consent to it, to make both her and himself happy. Not knowing, however, how she would relish a Visit from him, he chose to let her know his Sentiments by writing, which he did in this Manner.

*To the fair fallen Angel of her Sex, the lovely
ruin'd CLEOMELIA.*

“ **T**Hink not these Lines are intended to re-
 “ proach your Cruely, or insult the Mis-
 “ fortunes which have been the Consequences
 “ of it. — It is not a Lover provok'd by his ill
 “ Treatment to Wishes of Revenge, who is the
 “ Author of them, but a Lover whose Constan-
 “ cy can abide the utmost and severest Trials.
 “ — Yes, most adorable *Cleomelia*, you are too
 “ lovely to be guilty, and if seduc'd by your own
 “ heavenly Innocence, and the Force of a Passion,
 “ whose Effects too well I know, to believe the
 “ perjurd *Gasper*, let him who alone merits it
 “ bear all the blame; his be the Infamy, my
 “ *Cleomelia* is clear. — Let the relentless and unfor-
 “ giving World say as they please; I know your
 “ Soul is pure, untainted, and free from ought of
 “ ill, as when at first disclos'd its Infant Bright-
 “ ness in your Eyes. — Oh! may just Heaven
 “ with severest Plagues overtake the vile Be-
 “ trayer, may Peace forever be a Stranger to
 “ his Thoughts, eternal Curses be his Portion
 “ till he in Tears of Blood and Penitence con-
 “ fess his Crime, and own thy Virtue. — But
 “ why should I dwell on this ungrateful Theme,
 “ why wish Revenge on him, who, spite of In-
 “ gratitude, his monstrous Perfidy may still be
 “ dearer to your Wishes than unregarded *Heart-*
 “ *love*. — Yet sure it cannot be, you must resent,
 “ and with resenting, scorn a Wretch so worth-
 “ less of the Blessing of your Love — If so, I
 “ am happy, and by his Falshood, as in a Mirror,
 “ you will see my Truth, my unalterable Faith;
 “ for, Oh! I wish but to convince you of it,
 “ and

“ and will leave no Means untried to prevail on
 “ you to put me in Possession of that Title the
 “ perjur’d *Gasper* has renounc’d. — My Life,
 “ my Fortune, all that I am is yours. —
 “ Devoted to you with the same Ardency as e-
 “ ver, my Love as pure, my Desires as honour-
 “ able. — Pity then so fix’d a Passion, and by
 “ vouchsafing to accept the Proofs I offer of it,
 “ raise to the extremest Joy my Soul can know or
 “ aim at,

The long despairing, and adoring,

HEARTLOVE.

’Tis easy to comprehend how great a Surprise
 this must be to *Cleomelia*; she doubted not indeed
 but he had lov’d her to the utmost Extremity of
 disinterested Affection; but she could not have be-
 liev’d he would have continued his Desires of ma-
 king her his Wife, in the innumerable Disadvan-
 tages she labour’d under: So uncommon a Proof
 of Generosity and Constancy had an Effect on
 her, which not all the seeming Infidelity and
 Baseness of *Gasper* had the Power to work. —
 The dear Undoer, till this Moment, had been
 precious to her Remembrance, tho’ she thought
 him the most vile, she still thought him most
 lovely of his Sex, and took a Pleasure in retain-
 ing in her Mind the Idea of his Charms: But
 this Behaviour of *Heartlove*’s put it immediately
 to Flight; she admir’d, she ador’d the wonderful
 Beauties of his Soul, and had now her Eyes open
 also to discern the Graces of his Person, accus’d
 herself of Blindness or Stupidity in having pre-
 fer’d his less deserving Rival, and cry’d out, that
 Heaven was too good in relieving her from Mi-
 series which she brought on herself by her own
 Ingratitude and Folly, and so justly merited
 should be her Portion for ever. If she had any
 Emotions

Emotions which were uneasy, they were occasioned by her Delicacy in receiving Obligations where she deserv'd only Insults, and Consciousness of Unworthiness: But these Considerations were too weak to maintain the Combat for any long time with those of her Interest, her Gratitude, and one may now say her Inclination also; and she return'd an Answer to his Epistle in these Words.

*To all that's excellent in Man, or rather to
something more than Man,*

TO HEART LOVE,

“ O Ppress'd with Shame, encompass'd round
 “ with all that can be known of Wicked-
 “ ness, how am I capable to answer, as I ought, so
 “ amazing, so unequall'd a Generosity as yours!
 “ Yet should I to my other Miseries have a Con-
 “ sciousness of Ingratitude distract me to be si-
 “ lent. — Yes, I must speak, tho' sure I can
 “ speak nothing which would make you sensi-
 “ ble of the thousandth, thousandth Part of what
 “ I feel. — By Heaven, a Goodness, a conti-
 “ nued Tenderness, like yours, after what I have
 “ done inflicts a painful Pleasure, which I am
 “ not able to sustain, much less describe. — The
 “ whole World 'tis certain cannot produce an
 “ Example of the like Nature. — Yet, *Heart-*
 “ *love*, I have not been so guilty as I am repre-
 “ sented, nor does your Kindness in some Re-
 “ spects set a false Varnish on my Actions; Ex-
 “ cesses of Love, of Sincerity, and Truth in my
 “ own Soul, made me with ease believe another
 “ could not be base, and have been at once the
 “ Source of my Faults and Misfortunes. — But
 “ I will add no more on that Subject, since, if
 “ you

“ you still love, as, after what you have said, it
 “ were a Sin to doubt it, the Repetition must be
 “ unpleasing to you. — Nor know I in what
 “ manner to answer an Offer so unexpected. —
 “ Should I accept it, you might hereafter up-
 “ braid the sudden Turn of my Humour, as the
 “ Effect of my Necessities. — O! can I when de-
 “ solate and unfriended, receive that Heart,
 “ which, unknowing what was truly valuable, I
 “ refus’d in my more prosperous Days—it would
 “ look like an Interestedness which my Soul
 “ disdains. — Pardon this Nicety in a Wo-
 “ man who, in spite of all she has or can en-
 “ dure, preserves her former Spirit, and cannot
 “ brook to be oblig’d too far. — Your Friendship,
 “ however, I always was ambitious of; vouchsafe
 “ me that, ’tis all you can with Honour give, or
 “ be receiv’d in the present Condition of

the most unfortunate

CLEOMELIA.

Heartlove was too well acquainted with her
 Humour, to be surpriz’d that she with no greater
 Readiness embrac’d the Proposal he made her;
 but as he had not now a belov’d Lover to combat
 with, he fear’d not of overcoming all the Scru-
 ples her Delicacy of Soul should raise against
 him. He therefore went to visit her, as believing,
 with Reason, that his Presence would have more
 Effect than all he could urge by Letter. The man-
 ner in which she receiv’d him, was with a be-
 coming Grief, mix’d with Tendernefs and Shame;
 and the Sight of her in this Confusion, which
 rather added to her natural Charms than any
 way diminish’d them, increas’d if possible the Ar-
 dours of his Affection; he talk’d to her in Terms
 which hardly would she have been able to deny,
 had no other Motive but Pity influenc’d her to put
 a long Period to the Anxieties he had endur’d for
 her.

her.——In fine, he left not her House till he had gain'd her Promise of becoming his Wife as soon as she had order'd Affairs so as to oblige *Favonius* to take care of the Child she had by his Son, which she was positively determin'd to do before she gave herself to another. *Heartlove* would have oppos'd it, assuring her that he would regard him, as he was hers, with the Eyes of a Father; but she would by no Means be brought to consent, and he was oblig'd to be satisfy'd with what she said.

On her applying to this inexorable Man, he insisted on her giving up the Contract which had been drawn up between her and his Son, which she willingly assented, and sent for it from *Horatio*, in whose Possession it ever since had been. This done, *Favonius* accepted the Child, and settled a handsome Allowance for his Maintenance.

Nothing remain'd, and *Heartlove* would fain have had the Celebration of their Nuptials kept with a Magnificence proportionable to the Tenderness he had for her; but the Considerations of her Circumstances would not permit her to suffer it, and unwilling to add to the Reflections which she knew would be made on so unexpected a Union, desir'd it might be solemniz'd as privately as possible; to which, in Obedience to her Will, he consented, and none but the nearest Intimates on both Sides were present.

When married, the Name of *Husband* made him not less a *Lover*; with the same Ardency he doated on her, as when her unenjoy'd Perfections enervated Desire.——Had his Affections been such as would have admitted Encrease, one would have thought that the more he possess'd, the more he was eager still to possess; and if *Cleomelia* did not return his Transports with altogether so much Warmth, there might be seen so vast

vast a Tenderness, so infinite a Regard for him in all her Words and Actions, that Love itself, unaccompany'd by that sincere Friendship and Esteem she was inspir'd with, would come far short of what she paid him.

They were look'd upon by all who knew them, as well as were so in Reality, the happiest Pair that ever wore the Marriage Chain; but soon alas! this sweet Tranquility was ruffled into a Storm which was never to be appeas'd, never to be hush'd into a Calm.

Heartlove, from appearing the most gay contented Man on Earth, grew on a sudden entirely the Reverse; deep Frowns disgrac'd that Brow where Joy so lately reign'd; no more soft Smiles play'd dimpling round his Mouth, nor Love and Pleasure sparkled from his Eyes; Sighs every Moment rent his troubled Breast, and tho' he chose as much as possible in Solitude to conceal his Anguish, he was too ill a Dissembler not to have it apparent, in spite of his Endeavours, to all who saw him. Different were the Conjectures made by his Acquaintance on this sudden Alteration; some thought he repented having married a Wife in *Cleomelia's* Circumstances, others that she behav'd not to him in Private as she did in Publick; but she herself, who first of any one perceiv'd it, was the most confounded and amaz'd; but not in the least suspecting that any thing concerning her had occasion'd it, entreated him to let her know the Cause; but he refusing, tho' with all the Tenderness in the World, to comply with her Request, she grew extremely alarm'd; especially when she observ'd, as soon she did, that whenever he look'd on her, it was with a Confusion mix'd with Grief, and as soon as he perceiv'd she took Notice, would turn away his Head and sigh: Nor were the Nights less sur-

prizing than the Days; even then he was not what he had been; all his Endearments were mix'd with Starts, and every now and then a Groan, which seem'd to shake his Fabrick, would force its way. Now certain that it was on her Account, she imagin'd some busy malicious Tongue had traduc'd her to him, or that inadvertently she had been guilty of something which had given him Cause for Anger; but having recollected all that had pass'd since their Marriage, and finding nothing herewith she could accuse herself, or be accus'd by others, she grew perfectly impatient, and again press'd him to acquaint her with his Discontent, in Terms so home, that he had no way to put her of, and therefore told her that she must not know, and if she priz'd his Peace, she must talk to him no farther on that Head. With these Words she was silent; but what she felt in remaining so, 'tis easy to conjecture; her Disquiets were now superior to his; nor had she one Moment's Ease but when in her Closet indulging the Relief of Tears.

In this manner they pass'd on some Weeks, and had perhaps many more such had *Heartlove* (being suddenly call'd Abroad) not happened to change his Cloths in a low Parlour, where they were sitting together; he was no sooner gone out than Chance more than Curiosity made her put her Hand into his Pocket, where the first Thing she met was a Paper, which taking out, she found was a Letter; the Superscription was to herself, and she was ready to die away at the reading it, since she immediately knew the Hand to be *Gasper's*; she summon'd all her Strength however to examine the Contents, which to her inexpressible Confusion she found were these.

*To the dear injur'd CLEOMELIA, my
forever lov'd, ever ador'd Wife and Soul of
all my Wishes.*

“ O H! with what Words, sweet Innocence,
“ wrong'd Charmer, shall I address thee,
“ guilty as I seem! for Oh! 'tis most impossible
“ that thou canst think me other than the vilest
“ that ever was call'd Man.—But having at last
“ gain'd the long sought Opportunity of writing
“ to thee, I must delay one Moment the Eclair-
“ cissement of my Truth.—*Favonius*, I cannot
“ call him Father, having promis'd *Malaventure*
“ to accede to all he said, discours'd me some
“ little time concerning that dear Contract
“ which gave thee to my Arms, and finding me
“ resolv'd to ratifie it, even tho' the Conse-
“ quence should be the Ruin of my Hopes with
“ him, pretended to allow the Justice of my
“ Reasons, said it was pity so fair and virtuous
“ a Maid should be undone; and in fine, seem'd to
“ consent our Nuptials should be celebrated with
“ all convenient Speed: This spoke, he left
“ me, more happy, more transported, than in
“ this dreadful Separation I have Power to tell
“ thee.—But soon alas! did he return, and with
“ a Countenance so perfectly suited to his Words,
“ that I had not the least Hint for a Mistrust,
“ he told me I must immediately go on board
“ a Vessel he then had in the River, in order, he
“ said, to see some Goods were safely stow'd,
“ which he would send in the Boat with me. I
“ thought it strange no other Person could be
“ entrusted in an Affair like this, but would not
“ risque the Hazard of displeasing him, by com-
“ plaining

“ plaining of the Fatigue I was to undergo — I
 “ went, but little thought how far I was about
 “ being divided from my *Cleomelia*, or that those
 “ Goods he spoke of, were no other than my
 “ own Baggage, which he had commanded to
 “ be privately pack’d up: The Moment I came
 “ on board I was clap’d under Hatches like a
 “ transported Felon, and kept there till I was
 “ far far from Shore, and the dear Treasure of
 “ my Soul. — The Place where they permitted
 “ me to land is *Mocoa* ; but never since that fatal
 “ Time has one Ship set sail from thence, till
 “ now a *Spanish* Cruizer touch’d for Provisions:
 “ Some Wounds I receiv’d in an unlucky Quar-
 “ rel, joyn’d to my Despair, have a long time
 “ confin’d me to my Bed, and still render me
 “ unable to undertake a Voyage. — But expect
 “ me soon; a Vessel is preparing to set sail in
 “ three Weeks time, and that shall bring me to
 “ thy Feet, to plead my Cause, and prove me
 “ what I am. — Oh! *Cleomelia*, when I re-
 “ flect with what a heavenly Softness thou hast
 “ listened to my Passion, how ready to believe my
 “ Vows, as if thou saw’st into my faithful Heart,
 “ I cannot think thou canst yet believe me false;
 “ but in spite of all Appearances, make thy self
 “ easy in a perfect Confidence. — But, Oh!
 “ the Condition in which I left thee is a Reflecti-
 “ on in which all my Fortitude is not able to
 “ sustain me, I rave, I die, to think what Shame,
 “ what Misery, thou mayest perhaps go through
 “ on the Account of that dear Product of our
 “ Love. — O, may’st thou have known less of
 “ it than I endure in the Idea for thee, else must
 “ thy gentle Soul have sunk beneath it. — Fare-
 “ well, thou Life of my Desires; whatever thy
 “ Grievs have been, let them now cease in certain
 “ Ex-

“ Expectation of him who could not live, but in
 “ the Hope of proving himself

*Thy faithful Friend, thy most
 passionately devoted Lover,
 and endearing Husband,*

GASPER.

With much Difficulty she kept up her Spirits till the last Line, and then crying out, wretched *Gasper*, but more wretched *Cleomelia*, fell down fainting on the Floor. *Heartlove*, who remembered what he had left behind him, return'd back for it, and was entering the Room just as his unhappy Wife utter'd those Words ; he us'd his utmost Endeavours to bring her to herself, which as soon as he had done, too curious *Cleomelia*, said he, why wou'dst thou desire to know a Secret, which fearing this Effect, I have so closely conceal'd from thee? O talk not to me, answer'd she, in the first Transports of her Surprize and Grief, forgetting all she ow'd him ; thy fatal Love alone has ruin'd me, ——— *Gasper* is true, and *Gasper* is my Husband, thou hast usurp'd his Place, and I by yielding to it am curst. It was in vain that he with Words full of Love and Tenderneſs endeavour'd to mitigate this Tempest of her Soul ; she was all Distraction and Dispair, and said and did such wild and incoherent Things, that nothing was so much his Terror as that she wou'd lay violent Hands on her own Life ; but he carefully observing her for some Time, her Rage, which indeed had been too violent to continue in its full Force, began by not being oppos'd, to abate, and as soon as she was capable of discoursing with Reason, she entreated he wou'd pardon the wild Sallies of her distracted Passion, and inform her by what Means that Letter fell into his Hands, which he
 did

did in these Terms : Happening, said he, to be at the Window one Day, I saw a Person in the Habit of a Mariner enquire for the House of *Malaventure* ; I presently inform'd him that Gentleman was dead, but that his Daughter was remov'd hither; on which, it is his Daughter, cry'd he, to whom I have brought a Letter ; I desir'd him to give it me, assuring him I wou'd deliver it faithfully, which he did, and I indeed then design'd no other but to keep my Promise ; but on his telling me that he came from *Mocoa*, and that the Letter was from *Gasper*, I thought it more Prudence to conceal it from your Knowledge, believing, that to hear any thing from a Man by whom you had so greatly suffer'd, wou'd give you rather Pain than Pleasure : At my examining the Contents, and finding the Discovery of his Innocence, I was not less surpriz'd than you, and then more than ever resolv'd to hide it from you, not doubting but it wou'd throw you into Disorders such as I now have seen you in. — This has been the Cause of my Disquiet ; I grieve for you, and even for *Gasper*, when he shall arrive, as soon he will, and see the Consequences of his Absence. Oh never, never shall he see it, cry'd *Cleomelia*, I'll fly for ever from his Sight, and yours, and all Mankind. *Heartlove* omitted nothing that he thought might give her Comfort ; he assur'd her of his eternal Love and Confidence of her, and endeavour'd to perswade her, that *Gasper* wou'd in time be consoled for his Misfortunes, when he shou'd find they were irremediable. But she wou'd not give any Ear to such Discourses ; she told him that she look'd on herself as more the Wife of *Gasper*, tho' the Ceremony of the Church had not past, than she did of him ; it was he who had her first Vow, and what she had made since, was of no Effect ; that she cou'd
not

not deny she had been guilty of Perjury and Adultery in living with any other during the Life of him to whom she was contracted, and that she was resolv'd to go off in the first Ship to some distant Part of the World where she shou'd no more be heard of in *Bengall*. One may easily imagine the Shock such Words as these imprinted in the Mind of *Heartlove*, by the extreme Passion with which he lov'd her; but she was not to be mov'd, not all his Prayers and Tears, not all the Sight of his Despair cou'd work any Effect on her; when he seem'd to say any thing that look'd like Threatning, to compel her Stay by that Authority the Law had given him over her, she swore that if detain'd either by Force or Perswasions till the Arrival of *Gasper*, the Moment he set Foot into *Bengall* shou'd be the last of her Life, ——— In fine, she was determin'd; and all this affectionate Husband cou'd do, was vain: A Ship in a few Days setting Sail for *England*, she embark'd in it, leaving *Heartlove* in a Condition such as one must feel, to be capable of Describing.

The afflicted *Cleomelia* had set Sail for *England* but a very few Days before *Gasper* arriv'd at *Bengall*: Unhappy Gentleman! little did he expect the News he receiv'd at his Landing; to be told that *Cleomelia* was married, was something so astonishing as cou'd not immediately gain Credit with him; but when fully convinc'd of it, how impossible wou'd it be to represent the mingled Rage and Grief he conceiv'd at it; therefore I shall only say these Passions were proportion'd to that other more tender one, with which he had regarded her, and like that were without Example, impatient of Controul, and disdaining Counsel or Mitigation. *Favonius*, who, had not *Cleomelia* been married, wou'd have given him a severe Reception for returning without Per-

Permission, perceiving the Distraction he was in, omitted nothing that he thought might give his Sorrows ease ; but all his Endearments were of no Effect ; he consider'd him as his Father, but then he also consider'd him as a Father who had made Use of the Power he had over him to render him unhappy ; and the Remembrance that it was by him he had been compell'd not only to leave *Cleomelia*, but likewise to appear base and ungrateful to her, destroyed all the Sentiments of Nature and of Duty, and scarce cou'd he contain himself from treating him in a Manner, which wou'd have made him more inexcusable than the other was, by that Barbarity which had denied him the Performance of his Contract ; greatly did he blame *Cleomelia*, but much more did he inveigh against *Heartlove* ; and tho' he was extremely watch'd by *Favonius*, he found Means, in spite of all his Care, to execute a Project which he had form'd on the first Intelligence of his having been the Husband of *Cleomelia*.

He had a very faithful Slave, who had attended him to *Mocao*, and return'd with him from that Place ; to him he related the whole History of his Love and Misfortunes, adding, that he cou'd not hope for any Mitigation of his present Sorrows without having taken that Satisfaction of *Heartlove*, which their Rivalship seem'd to require ; and having made him the Confident of his most secret Thoughts touching this Affair, commanded him to deliver a Letter to *Heartlove*, which contain'd these Lines.

To the injurious HEART LOVE.

“ **T**HO' not to act with Honour may very
 “ well be excus'd in a Person to whom no
 “ Honour

" Honour has been us'd, and as you basely took
 " the Advantage of my Absence, and, like a
 " Thief, broke in upon my Treasure, and rob'd
 " me of all that was precious to my Soul ; if I
 " had privately hir'd Assassins, or had made use of
 " my own Arm to stab you sleeping and de-
 " fenceless, I know not if the Proceeding had
 " been condemnable by Justice ; yet will not
 " I so far copy out the vile Example you have
 " set me, nor will I be your Rival in Treachery,
 " tho' I was so in Love. — In fine, the Wrong
 " you have done me is without Means of Re-
 " paration ; prepare therefore to answer for it
 " with your Life, or by taking that of mine, put
 " a Period to the Miseries you have brought on

GASPER.

P. S. " I desire our Meeting may be deferr'd
 " no longer than to Morrow ; the Hour and
 " Place I leave to your own Choice, only remember
 " that as the Injury you have done me is real, I
 " shall accept of no Excuses to evade the Satis-
 " faction I require, and that if you fail to give it
 " me, I shall not only proclaim your Cowardice,
 " but also take the first Opportunity to do my-
 " self Justice by another Way.

A Summons of this Nature was what *Heart-*
love had expected ever since he had heard that
Gasper was return'd to *Bengall*, and was not
 therefore surpriz'd at the Receipt of it ; and be-
 ing a Coward neither through the Fear of Death,
 nor love of Life, presently recollected what it was
 he ought to say, and return'd by the Bearer an
 Answer in these Terms.

G

To

TO GASPER.

" I WILL not go about to confute your Ac-
 " cufations ; you know as well as the whole
 " Faactory how unjust they are ; and having
 " much more Reason, both on my own Score
 " and that of *Cleomelia*, to have a Prejudice to you,
 " than you can poffibly have to hate me, I as little
 " court your Friendfhipas I fear your Enmity ;
 " and as the Circumftances in which we are in-
 " volv'd, will permit neither of us to live happy
 " till the Death of the other, I willingly fubmit
 " to Fortune the Event ; having this Confidera-
 " tion to encourage me in the Combat, that
 " whether you fall by me, or I by you, *Cleomelia*,
 " whose Interests were ever dearer to me than
 " my own, will no longer labour under the Af-
 " fliction of a divided Obligation, but may pafs
 " the Remainder of her Days in Peace, either
 " with *Gasper*, or her at leaft equally

affectionate Husband,

HEART LOVE.

P. S. " To prevent any Interruption in our De-
 " sign, I think the Gardens of *Bonafales*, the Keys
 " of which, the Owner being abfent, I have in
 " my Poffeffion, will be a proper Place for us
 " to decide this Controverfy. I will be there
 " by break of Day, and wait your coming,
 " unlefs you think fit to chufe another, which if
 " you do, advertife me of it by a Line.

The Rivals being thus agreed, there wanted no
 more than the Arrival of the appointed Hour to
 put an End to their Animofity : Difficult is it to
 determine which of them long'd for it with the
 greateft Impatience ; neither of them, fince de-
 priv'd

priv'd of *Cleomelia*, thought Life had any thing in it worth preserving *Gasper*, who ; tho' he had many Impediments in his way to that Happiness besides the Title, *Heartlove* was in Possession of, yet did he implacably hate him for it, and in that Passion was every other Consideration lost. *Heartlove* on the other Side, doubted not but if his Rival were dead, *Cleomelia* would return to his Embraces, and in that View, as well as animated by the secret Envy he had whenever he reflected that he had been the first Possessor of her Beauties, resolv'd to do his utmost to remove that Bar to his Desires, and make him dearly pay for his past Joys. The Punishment decreed by Law for Duellists was not thought of by either of them, or if it came a-cross their Minds, but slightly regarded, each believing that he had Friends, Interest, and Money enough to procure a Pardon for himself : Both depending alike on the Justice of his Cause and Courage ; and never did two *Antagonists* take the Field with greater Warmth, or Zealousness to conquer. No time was lost in Words, but Passion too mighty to vent itself in Words, broke into Action, and their good Swords testify'd what their Tongues had not the Power to speak. The Sight of each other redoubling their mutual Animosity, the Fury with which they met might fitly be compar'd to that of Tygers. The Eagerness with which each flew on his Antagonist made him forget the Art that is learn'd in Schools. Self Preservation was beneath the Thoughts of these enrag'd Rivals ; both seem'd to have no other Aim than the Life of his Enemy, and being wholly on the *Offensive* Part, the *Defensive* was entirely lost. This rash Proceeding had certainly in a very few Moments been fatal to both of them, had not the Sword of *Heartlove* broke just as Its Master receiv'd that of

Gasper through his Body: He fell immediately, crying, *Gasper*, I forgive thee, then clos'd his Eyes to all Appearance, in the eternal Night of Death. Now. was the Survivor shock'd; the Fire of jealous Rage extinct in Streams of Blood, gave way to Horror and Remorse; those Considerations of the Dangers to which a Murderer is subjected, both by the Law of God and Man, tho' before hush'd by the louder Remora's of his tumultuous Passion, now assaulted him in the most dreadful Manner: A Thousand and a Thousand Times he curs'd his Rashness, and wish'd the Deed undone; but as 'twas past recal, he at length recover'd Presence enough of Mind to bethink himself what Course it was best for him to take for his Safety. He therefore, quitted the Body of *Heartlove*, and made all imaginable Speed home, where giving his Father an Account of what had happen'd, and desiring him to give Information of it to the Servants of *Heartlove*, that they might remove the Body, he departed to the Sea-side, where he embark'd in a Vessel Bound for *Spain*, there being no other at that time ready to sail. Fortune was so propitious to his Prayers, that having a fair Wind, he was out of Reach of the Factory before what was done came to their Knowledge.

It wou'd be needless to repeat the Lamentations made by the Friends of *Heartlove*, when this unhappy Accident was blaz'd abroad; nothing but Grief was to be seen among the whole Factory; but some of them, more wise than the rest, suggested that there was a Possibility he might not be in reality dead, and wou'd needs have a Surgeon sent for to examine his Wounds. The Sword of *Gasper* yet remain'd in his Body, and when drawn out, discover'd indeed that it had been but a Swoon, not a real Death, in which
he

he was involv'd. The Poignancy of the Pain, at drawing forth the Weapon, brought him to himself; but having lain so long weltering in his Blood, which had flow'd in Abundance from his other Wounds, he was rendred so feeble that he cou'd not move a Finger, and was wholly depriv'd of Speech; nor had he but very little Remains of Sense of what had past, or was now doing to him: His Wounds however being search'd and carefully drest, the Surgeon found that there was a Possibility he might recover, his greatest Danger being Loss of Blood, and Delay of Application, which had occasion'd his Hurts to take Air. The greatest Diligence imaginable was us'd about him; for he had many faithful Friends as well as dutiful and tender Servants, who wou'd suffer nothing to be omitted which might be conducive to the restoring to them again a Man so dear to them. They had the Satisfaction to find that after he had slept, he appear'd much more compos'd than he had been, and on the opening of his Wounds, that none of them had fester'd, which had been the Surgeons chief Fear: in fine, as he grew not worse, it was reasonable to hope he wou'd grow better, which indeed he did, but so slowly, that it might be said to proceed by unperceiv'd Degrees; for full three Months was he confin'd to his Bed, and as many more to his Chamber; and when at last he came abroad, he seem'd rather a Ghost than a living Man.

Heartlove being now past Danger, *Favonius* sent for his Son, who from Time to Time he still heard from; but when he most desir'd to know where he was, he was not to be found; and a young Merchant of that Country, whose former Intimacy with him encourag'd that Freedom, breaking open the Letter which *Favonius* had written

written, and finding the Contents were a Permission to return Home, answer'd it by the first Ship in this manner.

To FAVONIUS.

S I R,

“ **S**INCE my Acquaintance with your Son, the
 “ accomplished *Gasper*, neither of us have had
 “ any Affairs which have not been common to
 “ both; for which Reason, in his Absence, I took
 “ the Liberty of opening all Letters directed to him:
 “ Finding one from you commanding his Return,
 “ I thought it wou’d be an ill Proof of the Friend-
 “ ship I had vow’d him, to permit his Father
 “ to continue in any Suspence from which I cou’d
 “ deliver him; know then, that he has left these
 “ Parts two Months since, for no ill Cause I do
 “ assure you, unless to be too charming be as
 “ much a Fault in Reality, as it is a Misfortune
 “ in a Country where Jealousy is so natural as
 “ with us; in fine, he happen’d to be well in the
 “ Esteem of a fine Lady, the Wife of one of our
 “ *Dons*, ——— A Bullet or Stiletto was the least
 “ he cou’d have expected; to prevent which he
 “ departed privately, to what Place I am entirely
 “ ignorant, but doubt not but that I shall here-
 “ after be inform’d, and also a more exact Ac-
 “ count of the Reasons which took him with
 “ so much Suddenness from us than can be
 “ given of it by any other than himself, which
 “ as soon as I receive shall be communicated
 “ to you by,

S I R,

Your most humble

tho’ unknown Servant,

FERDINANDO GONZO.

How

How great a Vexation this must be to *Favonius*, let him who is a Father judge ; the Troubles he had been involv'd in on his Score, made him now heartily wish that he had never contradicted his Inclination in marrying with *Cleomelia* ; he had been oblig'd to consume more Money on removing him from Place to Place, and answering the Bills he drew upon him, than wou'd have been equivalent to the Fortune he cou'd have expected for him with a Wife ; but Repentance was in vain, she was now otherwise dispos'd of, and he depriv'd of the Presence of a Son, in whom he plac'd his chief Delight. In this Perturbation of Mind let us leave him for a while, and see in what Manner the principal Subject of this little History pass her Time.

The unhappy *Cleomelia* being embark'd for *England*, as has been before related, designing to pass the Remainder of her Days in the strictest Celibacy with some of her Relations, whom as yet she knew but by Report, sail'd for some Days with a prosperous Gale ; but on a sudden there arose so violent a Storm, that in less than two Hours, they lost all their Masts ; the Art of Navigation grew entirely useless, the Pilot no more than a common Man, and none capable of any other Defence from the impending Ruin, than such as humble Prayers and Tears afforded ; But Heaven seem'd deaf to all ; from every Corner of the angry Sky the thundering Tempest roar'd, and never was a Scence of greater Horror and Confusion than that which now appear'd among the affrighted Sailors. *Cleomelia*, tho' weary of the World for the Misfortunes which had so early fallen upon her in it, could not be told that there was no Possibility of escaping, without feeling those Shocks which are naturally the Attendants of the King of Terrors ; she was in
her

her Cabin on her Knees, imploring Forgiveness of Heaven for the Transgression, which in that Hurry of Spirit she could remember to have been guilty of, when the Captain of the Ship came into her, and putting himself into the same Posture with her; Permit me, Madam, said he, to joyn my Devotions with yours, and also to boast the Means of preserving you, or perishing near you; if it be possible that Heaven should permit its most perfect Workmanship so obscure an End.—Pardon, me Madam, (continu'd he) perceiving she look'd astonish'd at his Words and the passionate Accent in which they were deliver'd, pardon me this ill-timed Declaration, which yet I had not made, did I not firmly believe, nor indeed can any thing less than a Miracle relieve us, the devouring Waves will soon overwhelm us in one common Grave; and it is even more terrible to me than the Death which threatens, to die unknown to be the Admirer of such Excellence.—I have lov'd; I have ador'd you from the first Moment I beheld you, and as my Flame was hopeless, a thousand Times have wish'd for Death: Nor is there now any thing shocking in its near Approaches, but that you are the Partner of so sad a Destiny.—O! forgive me that I so rashly call'd on Fate, I should have waited till I had seen you safe, then told you my unhappy Story, and died to expiate the Sin of my Presumption.

The Amazement with which *Cleomelia* listned to such a Declaration, may with greater Ease be imagin'd than express'd: At first she thought that the sudden Dangers in which they were involv'd, had turn'd his Brain; but finding nothing in his Discourse incoherent, or like Frenzy, she knew not in what manner to reply to so unexpected and so extravagant a Proof of Passion. Heavens! cry'd,

ery'd she, can it be possible, that in this dreadful Hour ought can find Room in thy Soul, but the Dangers it brings with it! — were this Discourse directed to me at any other time, I should imagine it intended only to divert that Melancholly which I have but too just a Cause for ; but since I cannot believe you ill-natur'd enough to insult my Misfortunes, I know not to what Source I can impute it, unless it be, that too great a Sense of Death has depriv'd you of the Power of preparing for it, and destroy'd Reason and Reflection. I wonder not, reply'd he, that you should judge in this manner: The Strangeness of my Passion, and the more strange Method of my discovering it, has, I confess, no other Face, than that of Madness : Yet, Oh, *Cleomelia*, had you been ever sensible what it is to love like me, and to despair, I should not then complain the want of Pity from you. Alas! (resum'd she, bursting into a Flood of Tears, which issued in greater abundance at this Remora of her former Passion, than all her Fears of Death had been able to extract from her) as if you knew not the History of my Misfortunes ; is it not publick that to Love and Despair it is owing that I have left *Bengall*, and am now expos'd to the Fury of this wild Tempest, and the unrelenting Elements? Yet, Madam, answer'd he, wide is the Difference between our Fate ; you forsook not *Bengall*, nor provok'd adverse Fortune, because you were not lov'd, but because you were so too much. — Were you less dear to *Gasper*, or to *Heartove*, you had not been unhappy ; at most you can but call yourself the Sacrifice of Honour ; Love would consent to bless your utmost Wishes, did not too scrupulous Virtue interpose, and make you wretch'd. But what remains for me, but the utmost Extremity of Despair? — I who have two that boast a lawful Claim

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above

above me; should *Heartlove* die, your Contract as well as Inclination restores you to the happy *Gasper's* Arms; or should Heaven rid me of that belov'd Rival, you are uncontestibly the Wife of *Heartlove*; nay, should both perish, my own Demerits would render me still hopeless of Success; — Never, never, could my poor Service be acceptable to *Cleomelia*, — Life affords no Prospect but of Misery, unintermitting Misery, and never did the condemn'd Criminal receive his Pardon with greater Joy than I wou'd do the Certainty of approaching Death, wou'd Heaven vouchsafe me but the Means of preserving you from that Ruin which my inadvertent Prayers, to bring upon my self, have also involv'd you in.

They were in this Conversation, when on a sudden that dreadful Roll of Sea which had so lately tofs'd too and fro the batter'd Vessel, sunk into a Calm; no more the Surges roar'd, the warring Winds were silent, nor heav'd with boistrous Force the Bosom of the Deep: Down pour'd a Crew of the now transported Mariners, and with rude Joy crying out, they had a Sight of Land, interrupted their Captain's passionate Addresses. If not for his own, for *Cleomelia's* Sake, he felt enough of Joy at these Tidings, to forgive the Manner in which they were related; he ran immediately on Deck, where through the Glasses he indeed discover'd Land; but as the Sky grew more clear, was not a little astonish'd to find that since they had lost their Com-pass, Masts, and Sails, they had been a quite contrary Way to that in which they set out:

—— He cou'd not as yet guess what Country it was they law, but making a Virtue of Necessity, they resolv'd to make toward it as well as their Tempest-beaten Bark wou'd permit; but all their Endeavours had be vain, had not the the

little

little Wind which now blew, turn'd on a sudden, and drove the Vessel toward the Port; which, as soon as they enter'd, they found was *Ternata*, one of the *Malucco* Islands: Rejoyc'd were they to perceive they were not thrown on an uninhabited Shore, and much more that there were many Christians in the Island, who tho' *Portugueze*, they doubted not but wou'd defend them from any Insults from the Natives, who are a barbarous and unciviliz'd sort of People, treating Strangers, from whom they have no Expectations of Gain, with the utmost Cruelty. The Captain thought himself happy in having the Opportunity of congratulating *Cleomelia* on her Escape, much more than he did in the Consideration of saving himself and Cargo from so eminent a Danger: He had the Advantage of speaking *Portugueze* very well, having formerly convers'd with some of that Nation, and addressing himself to the Chief he found in this Place, was handsomely receiv'd, and assur'd of Protection for himself and Company. He was lodg'd, as was also *Cleomelia*, and the Officers of the Ship under him, in the House of one of the greatest Merchants in the Island: His own obliging Deportment, and the Beauty and Accomplishments of *Cleomelia*, gain'd them so much the Esteem and Love of the Family with whom they were, that had they been with their nearest and dearest Relations, they cou'd not have been treated with greater Respect and Tendernefs. The Ship was endeavour'd to be repair'd by the best Workmen in the Place; but it was so much impair'd by the Tempest, that there was no putting out to Sea again in it, without running into a Danger equal to that they had before escap'd. The Captain was all this time as happy as the continual Presence of the Woman he ador'd cou'd

make him : But alas! the Passion of which he was possess'd is not of a Nature to be easily contented ; the more it is allow'd the more it still encroaches, and nothing less than all which is in the Power of the darling Object to bestow, can make it perfectly satisfy'd ; it was but a Pain-mix'd Joy he felt in entertaining *Cleomelia* with the Affection he had for her, since the Knowledge of her strict Virtue oblig'd him to confine all his Expressions, his Actions, and even his very Looks to those Rules ; but tho' he so totally despair'd of ever obtaining more from her than he at present enjoy'd, that he durst not so much as let her know he wish'd it, yet did he esteem it so great a Blessing to see her, and receive those Marks of Friendship, which, without any Injury either to *Gasper* or *Heartlove*, she might bestow, that he cou'd not complain of his Condition. Never did he break out into Exclamations on the Severity of his Fortune, but when he consider'd that the Happiness he was now possess'd of, was but of short Continuance, and that a time must arrive when he no more shou'd have the Liberty to gaze uninterrupted on her shining Eyes, to listen to the engaging Accents of her Voice, and observe the grateful Acknowledgments of all her Behaviour for the Services she receiv'd from him ; perhaps, the Leave he should take of her at her Arrival in *England*, wou'd be the last time he should ever be permitted to see her ; he knew not in what Part of that Kingdom she intended to fix her Habitation, nor indeed was she certain of herself, till she found how she should be receiv'd by those of her Kindred to whom she design'd to apply. Whenever therefore he fell into these Reflections, he was like one bereft of Reason ; at other Times he appear'd tolerably sedate, and had enough the Command of his Humour

mour to veil the secret Disorders of his Soul in the
 Presence of that afflicted Lady, and invent a thou-
 sand little Amusements to divert her Melancholly ;
 and had the Satisfaction to perceive his Endeavours
 fail'd not of the Success they aim'd, the Gloom
 which, when she parted from *Bengall*, hung heavy
 on her Brow, began by Degrees to dissipate, and
 she wou'd at some times appear extremely chearful.
 But tho' that Excess of Sorrow she had been in, was
 a little abated, she still had Remainders of it in her
 Heart which were not to be remov'd ; whenever
 she was alone, she was continually meditating on
 the Severity of her Fate, in suffering her not only
 to be unhappy herself, but also occasioning Misfor-
 tunes to all who had any real Regard for her; *Gasper*,
Heartlove, and this Captain, wou'd she say to
 herself, three of the most worthy Men the World
 contains, had I not been, or being, been un-
 known to them, might have been as happy as
 they now are miserable, — Wretched *Cleome-
lia*, how hast thou undone, and how art thou thy-
 self undone ! In this manner wou'd she lament ;
 but when the Violence of her Concern for the
 Unhappiness her Beauty had brought on these
 Gentlemen a little gave way to Self-Interest,
 whatever Reason she might have to wish *Gasper*
 or *Heartlove* had lov'd her with less Sincerity,
 she cou'd not find in her Heart to think that
 of the Captain any other than, in her present
 Circumstances, the greatest Good that cou'd have
 befallen her ; for had he regarded her but with
 the same Desires which the Difference of Sex ex-
 cites, how impossible wou'd it have been for her
 to have preserv'd herself from being compell'd
 to gratify them ; with how much Ease might
 he have triumph'd over that Virtue, which to
 retain entire, she had forsaken the most endear-
 ing of his Sex, and with whom she had the Sancti-
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on of the Law to authorize her living, and at the same time quitted a Life of Ease, of Grandeur, and Respect, for one which cou'd promise her nothing but a long Series of Dangers, Perplexities, Subjection, and all the Woes which wait on a Dependance on the precarious Favours of Relations. By the Captain's past Behaviour, she was free from all Fears of the future, and had receiv'd too many Proofs of the sincere Love which accompanied his Passion, to be under any Apprehensions that he wou'd ever treat her in a manner which she shou'd not approve; and if the Generosity of her Nature made her extremely troubled for the Pain he must suffer in such a Restraint, the Care she had of her Virtue made her much more rejoyce that he had so much the Government of his Desires; fain wou'd she have perswaded him to return to *Bengall*, to give an Account to the Factory of the Misfortune which had befallen his Vessel; which he might easily have done, Ships being continually passing and repassing between *Ternata* and that Kingdom; but no Considerations of his own Interest cou'd prevail with him to quit her till he had seen her safely landed in the Place to which she design'd to go, — Full eleven Months did they wait in Hope of a Ship for *England*; but none in all that time going out, and many every Day for *Portugal*, she resolv'd at last to embark in one of them for that Place, and from thence go for *England*. He still persisted in his Resolution of accompanying her, and accordingly did; but tho' they set out with a fair Wind, and had all the Prospect they cou'd desire of a good Voyage, they had not sail'd many Leagues before they were driven back by the sudden Change of Weather: Three times were they thus disappointed, yet venturing out the fourth, a Tempest almost as terrible as that which had forc'd them

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on *Ternata*, made them glad to take Refuge among the Islands of the *Maldives*. There were they again oblig'd to wait some time for the repairing their Vessel; but the Scarcity of Conveniencies in this Place, and the Hardship they were driven to, joyn'd to the incessant Fatigue they had so long undergone, threw *Cleomelia* into an Indisposition, of which she must have dy'd for want of Help, had not the Strength of her Constitution been superior to what is ordinary for a Person of her Sex and Delicacy of bringing up; it notwithstanding held her so long, that the Ship being refitted, was oblig'd to put to Sea without her, which being told after her Recovery, was near throwing her into a Relapse with the Vexation, not knowing how long she might be confin'd in that dismal and unholpitable Place. The Captain, however, always diligent in every thing that might be conducive to her Ease, went every Day to the Sea-side to inquire what Vessels were to go out. One Day as he was on this Errand, he saw at a little Distance a Face which he fancy'd himself acquainted with, and drawing more near, divided between Hope and Fear, he gave himself up to Joy, perceiving it was the Commander of a Ship belonging to the Factory of *Bengall*, and one with whom he had been formerly extremely intimate. Nothing can more enliven the Spirits than to meet with a Friend in a Place where one expects nothing but Strangers, and those also from the difference of whole Manners, Religion, or Laws, one has little but Barbarity and ill Treatment to look for: Equal was the Satisfaction of these two Gentlemen; but it would be altogether foreign from the story which employ'd my Pen, to take up my Reader with any Repetition of their mutual Congratulations, both having escap'd ship-wrack by the same Storm, and were
driven

driven on the same Coast, tho' in different Ports, nor had been till now hindred from the Pleasure they enjoy'd in meeting, had not the latter been confin'd to his Bed by a long Sickness, from which he was but just recover'd. But after each had related to his Friend the Adventure which had brought him thither, Captain *Conrade*, which was the Name of the Lover of *Cleomelia*, began to ask the other concerning the Affairs of the Gentlemen of the Factory, particularly those of *Gasper* and *Heartlove*: In answer to which, he related the Duel that had been fought between them, the manner in which the latter of them had been left in the Gardens of *Bonafales*, the Escape of *Gasper*, and how the other had beyond all Hope or Expectation recover'd of his Wounds; but added, that that unhappy Gentleman was since dead, as some thought of an inward Decay occasion'd by the Hurts he got in that Quarrel, but according to the more general Opinion, of Grief for the Departure of *Cleomelia*, and that *Gasper* was every Day expected at *Bengall* with a Lady whom it was said he was married to in *Spain*. How impossible wou'd it be to represent the Emotions which fill'd the Soul of *Conrade*, at Tidings at once so delightful and surprizing; that Right which the Law had given one Man over *Cleomelia*, was annull'd by Death, and that which her own Inclinations had bestow'd on another, was by his Falshood yielded up; she was now free, and what but an Hour ago he wou'd have hazarded Life but to hope might one Day be, he found the Certainty of being already compleated. — At once from the most despairing, he was rais'd to the most elevated State a Lover can arrive at till in immediate Possession of the Ultimate of his Wishes. — He embrac'd the Officer who gave him this Intelligence a thousand Times, and having given

given him a brief Account of the Occasion of his Transport, carrying him to the House where *Cleomelia* was lodg'd, where he oblig'd him to repeat all he had inform'd him touching *Heartlove* and *Gasper*.

It is not to be imagin'd that so ardent a Lover forgot to observe with the utmost Watchfulness the Countenance of *Cleomelia*, during the Relation of this News; it was with the most penetrating Eyes that he look'd on her, and had the inexpressible Satisfaction to perceive the Tears she shed for *Heartlove* denoted no greater an Affliction than what proceeded merely from the Generosity and Gratitude of her Nature to one to whom she had so highly been oblig'd; and that there was so much Indignation and Disdain mix'd with the Grief she conceiv'd at the Inconstancy and Falshood of *Gasper*, that it more than possible denoted the other would be but shortliv'd, and she would in as little time be as free from the Chains of Passion as she already was from those of Law or Obligation. He spoke not one Word to her however, nor once offer'd to interrupt the Exclamations she made, either for the one or the other, during the whole Time his Friend stay'd; but he was no sooner gone, than throwing himself on his Knees before her, Think me not too presuming, Madam, said he, if I flatter myself with a Belief that Heaven approves my Flame; and as the most sublime Love is most worthy of the divinest Beauty, it has left you at Liberty to reward the Sufferings of him who best deserves you. *Heartlove* no doubt had Honour and Affection, yet could not hope the happy Enjoyment of you, while your Vows were undischarg'd from their first Contract; but *Gasper* having now broke through those Ties by marrying with another, nothing remains to hinder me from being as
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completely blest as it is in the Power of Fate to make me, if you vouchsafe to own my Suit, and think the Offer I make you of my eternal Services worthy Acceptance. It was with a sad and dejected Air she listn'd to these Words, but with no Marks of Anger or Dislike; it rather had in it somewhat of a Tenderneſs exceeding all she had ever yet regarded him with; and having look'd on him with a fix'd Attention for ſome Moments; at length answer'd him in theſe Terms: 'Tis yet too ſoon to think of making a new Choice, ſaid ſhe, if ever I am prevail'd upon to do it: Beſides, as it was owing to a falſe Report, that I before falſify'd the Vow I gave to *Gaſper*, I will be more aſſur'd than the Intelligence I have receiv'd can make me, that he is baſe before I venture on the ſame Rock, in which already my Peace of Mind was wreck'd, and involve a ſecond Husband in the ſame Guilt with my former one, of marrying one, who in the Eye of Heaven, is Wife of another: But to teſtify how great a Senſe I have of your generous Affection and Favours I have receiv'd from you, accept of the Aſſurance I now give, that if I find myſelf in a Condition to be yours without a Crime, I will be ſo. All the Expreſſions of Joy, of Gratitude, of Tenderneſs, that Wit can form would come far ſhort of the Demonſtrations he gave her of his.—There is a mute Orator which ſhames all Language, and more effectually finds the Way to the Heart than any thing the Tongue can utter; not that his was ſilent, but what he ſaid was accompanied with ſuch Looks and Geſtures, as added a double Force to what he ſpoke.—Their Converſation ended with a Reſolution to embark with the Captain who had brought this ſurprizing Account of the Change of their Affairs on board his Veſſel, which was now in a
good

good Condition to go out, and wasto set Sail for *Bengall* the first Wind.

Long did they not wait ; a Gale arose which tempted them to embark, and continued prosperous till it waisted them to their desir'd Port : Where they were no sooner landed, than *Cleomelia* had the Captain's News confirm'd by Multitudes of her Acquaintance, who came to visit her at her Arrival. A Kinsman of the deceas'd *Heartlove* she found in Possession of her House, as next Heir to him ; but he immediately resign'd it to her, as also all his Effects, producing the Books and giving her a fair Account of every thing. She was now one of the richest Widows in the Place, and *Conrade* had no longer an Opportunity to testify how disinterested his Passion was, since the Fortune she was at present possess'd of, more than equall'd that of his, than which nothing could be more a Vexation to this generous Lover, who wish'd she might have had no other Dowry than herself, that he might have prov'd 'twas that alone he aim'd at the Enjoyment of: Expressing himself somewhat to this Purpose one Day, she would not suffer him to go on, but with the most obliging Smile, interrupted him in this manner: You ought not, said she, to think with Regret on that which gives me so much Pleasure ; would you have it always in your Power to confer Favours, and never in mine to return them? Enough have you demonstrated the Generosity of your Soul, by making an Offer of your Affections even in the utmost Meanness of my Fortune: Now 'tis my Turn to prove that I value a better State for no other Reason, than to oblige a Man so worthy of it; and when I am once ascertain'd, as I will shortly be, that the Report we heard of *Gasper* is as much of a Piece with Truth as that of the unhappy

Heartlove, you shall no longer complain of an unsuccessfull Passion. *Conrade* was about to reply in a manner becoming his Affection, and her Merit, when he was prevented by a Servant coming in to acquaint *Cleomelia* that *Favonius* was at the Gate, and entreated to see her. To hear a Man, who had formerly so much contemn'd her, insulted her Father on the propos'd Marriage between her and *Gaspar*, and on all Occasions declar'd himself so much her Enemy, was come to visit her, appear'd extremely strange; nor could she guess on what Account, and whether it was to her Surprise, or to something of a softer Emotion which swell'd within her Soul at the Thoughts of entertaining the Father of *Gaspar* is uncertain; but so great was her Confusion, that she could not presently make any Reply; but when she had enough recover'd herself to it, order'd that he should be admitted. *Conrade* would have taken his Leave, but she would by no Means permit him, saying, that whatever Business *Favonius* had with her, she desir'd not it should be a Secret to him. How great an Obligation this was to him any one may Judge; the immediate Entrance of *Favonius* allow'd him not the Liberty of giving those Retributions he would otherwise have done, and he was oblig'd to content himself with listning to the Eclaircissement of so unexpected a Visit, which *Favonius* made in these Words.

I wonder not, Madam, said he, that you appear surpris'd at the Presence of a Man who has hitherto given you only Causes for Hatred; but to convince you that I sincerely repent what's past, I come to offer you the Means of Redress, and that as the highest Blessing which, blind to your good Qualities, I once look'd on as my greatest Curse. There are in Language no Words which can describe as it ought the Grief, the Horror, the Shock

Shock which seiz'd the Soul of *Conrade* at this Discourse, nor the Disorder and Confusion of that of *Cleomelia*: She knew not what to think or hope, rather she could not have the Power to think at all; but endeavouring to conceal her Agitations as much as possible; when you give me your Reasons, Sir, said she, for so sudden and so unexpected a Change in your Disposition I shall be better able to judge in what manner I ought to reply, which at present I confess my self at a loss to do. Oh, *Cleomelia*! resum'd he, with a Voice and Gesture which express the utmost Discontent and Perturbation of Mind, justly am I punish'd for my Contempt of your Perfections; *Gasper*, that Son on whom I so much doated, that I thought no Woman worthy of him who wanted any one Article that can be wish'd in a Wife, is now become the Husband of one who I foresee will be a greater Dishonour to my Family than I fordidly imagin'd the want of Wealth would be.— He is married, and if you do not still continue to love him, must be the most undone and wretched Man or Earth. Not all the Consternations she was in in her whole Life equall'd what these Words occasion'd in her; to be told that *Gasper* was married, yet must be unhappy if she continued not her Affection to him, and to be told so by his Father, seem'd such a Mystery as was impossible to be unfolded; and in the Wonder it rais'd, took away great Part of the Shock which the Confirmation of his Falshood wou'd have given her in spite of her Resolutions to the contrary; but both joyn'd together, took away the Power of Speech, and she stood fix'd, by her enquiring Eyes alone demanding an Explanation of this Riddle; which Language *Favonius* understanding, put an End to her Suspence in these Words: Yes, Madam, 'tis in your Power

to

to restore to me a Son, to yourself a Husband, and *Gasper* to Happiness, rashly forfeited, by producing that Contract made between you, and which gives you a prior Claim above all Women in the World.—I have been this Day with the Governor, who has promis'd to do you Justice in this Affair, and all to whom I have mention'd it are of Opinion, that it is only *Cleomelia* can be the lawful Wife of *Gasper*. The setting Sun glows not with a fresher or more lively Red than did the Face of *Cleomelia*; but they were Blushes not of Shame or Joy, but of Rage and Indignation which painted it, and looking on him with Eyes which sparkled with severer Fires than ever they had been seen to dart, and would you have recourse to Law, said she, to force a Man to do me Justice, who takes such Methods to avoid me? No, *Favonius*, the Falshood and Inconstancy of your Son has rendred him as unworthy of my Alliance, as my Indigence of Fortune made me once seem of yours. I will not, in Consideration of your Age, return the Insults with which you have treated me, but desire you to give yourself no further Trouble in this Affair, in which I never shall be brought to joyn; and am so far from disturbing the Felicity of *Gasper* and his new Bride, that to put them out of all Apprehensions of what Love or Jealousy may prompt me to, I will with all convenient Speed give my Hand to this Gentleman. In speaking this she turn'd from him with the utmost Disdain, and plac'd herself by *Conrade*, who was sitting on a Sofa near her.

Her Answer was too positive to leave *Favonius* any room to hope Success, and therefore departed, cursing his ill Fortune, and that Avarice, which had sent his Son abroad, rather than suffer him to marry without a Fortune.

Now

Now had the transported *Conrade* an Opportunity to vent the grateful Sentiments of his glad Soul ; and as never Man was possess'd of more, never Man express'd 'em in softer or more engaging manner : The Flutter of *Cleomelia's* Spirits was not yet over however, nor could she hold a long Conversation with him without Pain ; she long'd to be alone, to give a Loose to Reflection on the present and the past, and revolve within herself the Consequences of the future : The enamour'd *Conrade* easily perceiving what her Complaisance would not suffer her to own, took his Leave, tho' exceedingly against his Inclinations.

When left alone, a Whirl of confus'd Ideas ran through her distracted Mind ; the blissfull Moments she had formerly past with *Gasper*, the Wildness of his Grief at her Marriage with *Heart-love*, his late Inconstancy, the strange Alteration in his Father's Humours, the Love and Merits of *Conrade*, and the odd Events which had made her rewarding his Affection with a kind of Debt : A while did she lament her ill Fortune ; but the Suggestions of Despair at length gave way to the Prospect of approaching Happiness in a Marriage with *Conrade*, she resolv'd to give way no more to the sweet Delusions of Passion, but lie down in Peace in that serene and quiet Asylum, which Heaven seem'd to offer her in the Arms of *Conrade*. Yet remembering how greatly she had already suffer'd, by giving Credit to a false Appearance, she sent the next Day to learn a more full Account of the Marriage of *Gasper*, which being confirm'd by many Persons who had seen his Wife, and who had receiv'd Letters from him to give her Credit till his Arrival, she no longer doubted of the Truth, and was in a small time married to the adoring *Conrade*.

For

For some Time did this happy Husband indulge himself with his fair Bride, in those Delights the Despair of which had cost him so many Hours of Woe; but the Calls of Business at length must be obey'd, the Factory accus'd him of Sloth, and there was an absolute Necessity that he must leave *Bengall*: Severe was the Pangs it cost him to leave his dear *Cleomelia*, but there was no avoiding it; at parting three Drops of Blood fell from his Nose, which being look'd on as an unlucky Omen, redoubled his Agonies, and making him imagine he should never see her more, rendred him almost incapable of separating from her; but at length, tearing himself away, he went the most disconsolate and afflicted Man alive. Nor was his beloved Wife without her Share of Sorrow; the Generosity, Honour, and Affection she had found in him, so won upon her Soul, that if she lov'd him not with that Fondness she had done *Gasper*, it was with an unspeakable Tenderness; but it was not long alas! that she had the Misfortune of being parted from so endearing a Husband to lament; that Grief was quickly swallow'd up in other more terrible to be born: Happening to rise one Morning more early than was her Custom, she went to take the Air by the Sea-side, which in those Countries is extremely pleasant and refreshing; her Melancholly made her little desirous of Society, and she had no other Company with her than some few Slaves who follow'd to protect her from any Insults she might meet with in that solitary Place. She had not walk'd far, before she heard the Voice of Persons who seem'd in distress at a Distance, crying for Help; she mov'd a little nearer to the Place whence the Sound proceeded, and sending a Slave before to see the Cause, he perceiv'd two Men lying in the Hollow of a Rock, wounded
and

and bound Hand and Foot with Cords, and at a little Distance from them a Slave murder'd. He return'd with an Account of what he had discover'd to his Mistress, who, with all her Train, moving towards this dismal Spectacle, order'd some of them to release the Gentlemen; which as soon as they were, and they approach'd to pay their Acknowledgments, she immediately knew one of them to be *Gasper*. The Sight of him made her almost repent her Charity; and she turn'd away as unable to endure the Sight of a Person who had so greatly wrong'd her; which he perceiving, and perfectly sensible of the Cause, cry'd out, Stay, dearest *Cleomelia*, nor condemn me till you know the Truth, I doubt not but I have been represented to you as Person unworthy of your Regard; but here, continued he, pointing to his Friend, is a living Witness that I have never injur'd you in the Manner you imagine. I will hear nothing, answer'd she, I neither will believe you innocent, nor wish to find you so. Then I am curst indeed, resum'd he, yet shall you hear my Story, or I will prove my Truth in Tears of my Heart's Blood. As he spoke this, the Person who accompanied him taking her by the Hand, oblig'd her with a half Reluctance to turn back; and as soon as she was, I will not Madam, said *Gasper*, sighing, presume to wound your Ears with Accents, which I find have lost all their Force to move you; — My Friend here, who is a Person wholly unprejudic'd, shall relate the Truth. He had no sooner finish'd these Words, than he sat down at the Foot of the Rock, and the Gentleman fulfill'd his Request in these Terms.

Since, Madam, said he, you are that *Cleomelia*, of whom I have heard the enamour'd *Gasper* speak with so much Tendernefs, I wonder not

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you

you seem astonish'd and displeas'd at his Presence, when he appears under such Disadvantages as ill judging Fame has dress'd him in: But, Madam, be assur'd the Report of his Marriage is as false as Heaven is true: When on his Travels in *Spain*, unknowing of the Customs there, he behav'd with more Freedom to the Wife of a Citizen than was consistent with the natural Jealousy of the Men to endure, or the Women to receive, without expecting something more from the Person who treats them with it than bare Gallantry: It was so at least with *Donna Flora*; for so is this Lady call'd, whose Lover he was reputed, and imagining herself belov'd by *Gasper*, thought she would not be ungrateful for the Deference he paid her, and by Accident discovering her Husband had a Design to have him assassinated as he came home one Evening, (the usual Way of retaliating an Injury, such as he suspected had been done him,) she sent him private Notice of it, only entreating him, in Recompence of her Kindness, to let her know to what Place he should retire for a particular Reason, which she would hereafter let him know. If to oblige a Lady, who at that time deserv'd no other than Good of him, be a Fault, he is indeed blameable? for he comply'd with her Request, tho' I dare swear at that time he was far from suspecting the Cause for which she made it: He has often told me nothing could equal his Surprize, when one Night a Lady desiring to speak with him, as soon as she was introduc'd, discover'd herself to be *Donna Flora*, who telling him, that unable to endure her Husband's ill Usage on his Account, she had fled from him, and having some Friends in *Bengall*, of which Country she had heard he was, entreated he would undertake the Protection of her till he should go thither, and that then she would accompany

company him. *Donna Flora* is young, witty, and perfectly agreeable in her Conversation, and had voluntarily forsaken all for his Sake ; what could he do less than accept ? She beg'd him to take Care of her ; to have return'd to her Husband, had been to run on his Stiletto ; Friends she had none who would receive her after such an Elopement ; he was her only Refuge, and you must own it had been unmanly in him to have thrown her off, expos'd to Miseries which you, knowing not the Manners of that Nation, can have no Notion of. In fine, he receiv'd her ; they liv'd together ; but the Place they were in being too publick they retir'd to another, which seem'd more secure : From thence in Confidence of my Friendship he writ to me, which I extremely rejoyc'd in, because I had just then receiv'd a Letter from his Father, commanding his Return, and acquainting him that *Heartlove* was out of any Danger from the Wounds he had given him : I let him know what had happned, on which he embark'd immediately, accompany'd by *Donna Flora* : Since when I heard nothing of him, till about a Year after some Business calling me to *Lisbon*, saw them both there ; she pass'd there for his Wife ; the Reason of which he told me was to avoid the Persecutions of the Clergy ; I ask'd him how it happen'd that I found him in *Portugal*, the Ship he went in being bound for *Bengall* ; but he reply'd, that being driven there by Strefs of Weather, he had remain'd there to see the Curiosities of the Place, having little Inclination to return Home, where the Idea of *Cleomelia* lost, would be perpetually disturbing his Repose ; he express'd his utmost Discontent with his Father, who was the original Cause of all his Misfortunes, by compelling him to appear false to one so dear to him : To Revenge him-

self on that unjust Parent, and also to get rid of *Donna Flora*, whose Society he now grew weary of, he sent her to *Bengall* with Letters of Credit to his Friends, and an Entreaty to *Favonius* to receive her as a Daughter; which he knew would be the most galling Vexation imaginable to his covetous Disposition: Soon after she was gone, some Chance bringing a Family from *Bengall* to settle at *Lisbon*, he was by them inform'd that *Heart-love* was dead; that Tidings giving him Room to hope you might possibly be here, made him resolve to take Shipping; but the Consideration, that if it were so, his Intrigue with *Donna Flora* would make him seem the most guilty Wretch imaginable, he never suffer'd me to rest till I consented to accompany him to be a Witness of the inviolable Affection his Soul has ever paid you: We no sooner Landed, than we heard you had been arriv'd some Months before us; at which joyful Tidings the transported *Gasper*, not staying for the unloading his Baggage, nor to take the least Refreshment, would needs go directly to the City; passing thro' this Plain, which he said was the nearest Way, we were met by Robbers, who took what Money we had about us, and left us in the manner you saw.

Thus ended *Ferdinando de Gonzo* his Relation: To which *Cleomelia* made very little Reply; but turning to *Gasper*, There are some Reasons, said she, which render it improper I should tarry here any longer, please to attend your Father, and to Morrow you shall here from me. With these Words she lean'd on one of her Slaves and walk'd so hastily away, that in the Condition they were in with their Wounds, it was impossible for them to over-take her. She was no sooner gone, than by the Advice of his Friend, he went to the House of *Favonius*, who, tho' his Tenderneſs for
him

him made him rejoyce in his Return, he cou'd not see him without severely upbraiding him on the Score of *Donna Flora*; but he soon undeceiv'd him as to the Point of his Marriage with her; but when *Favonius* in his Turn acquainted him with what had happen'd, and as that of the most Consequence to him, the Marriage of *Cleomelia* with *Conrade*, that unhappy Lover was ready to die with Grief and Vexation, in the Reflection that he was wretched only by his own Folly. The next Day, according to Promise, she sent him a Letter which contain'd these Lines.

To G A S P E R.

“ I Need not tell you that I am married; I am
 “ certain by this time you are inform'd of
 “ it, and it is therefore of no Consequence in
 “ what manner I judge of your late Proceed-
 “ ings; the Reason that I send this, is both to
 “ keep my Promise, and to desire you will take
 “ as much care to shun my Presence, as I shall
 “ do to avoid yours; it being utterly improper
 “ we should ever meet again, tho' I am as
 “ much as my Circumstances will admit

Your well wisher,

CLEOMELIA.

To go about to give any Description of his Despair, wou'd be in vain; I shall therefore only say, that it was without all Bounds; he writ, he went, did all that the Wit of Mortal Man cou'd invent, to engage her to permit him one Interview, but all was ineffectual: — She had however the Satisfaction to hear that he had entirely clear'd himself of the pretended Marriage, and that *Donna Flora* did not greatly insist on the
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the Title he had permitted her to wear, but having an Offer in which she promis'd herself an Advantage, willingly submitted to be call'd the forsaken Mistress of *Gasper*, that she might be in Reality the Wife of an old Merchant who was extremely rich. This Affair over, the disconsolate *Gasper*, not able to continue in a Place where *Cleomelia* was, yet be deny'd the Blessing of seeing her, obtain'd Leave of his Father to settle in *England*, taking with him the little Son he had by *Cleomelia*. But see the Strange Revolutions of Fate! he had not been gone from *Bengall* three Months, before Intelligence arriv'd, that Captain *Conrade* had been sunk in the Quick Sands. Now was the fair Subject of this History again at Liberty to pursue her unchanging Inclinations, and be just to her first Vows. She made all possible Speed to dispose of her Effects, and having turn'd all into Cash and Bills, embark'd for *England*, where in due time she safely arriv'd.

With what a Torrent of overpowering Joy was she receiv'd by the still amorous *Gasper*, how vast was the Joy on both sides, when after so many Difficulties and Interruptions in their mutual Wishes, they at last consummated them to the utmost Height in a happy Marriage, which was lately solemniz'd with a Splendor becoming of their Love and Constancy, and which in all Probability will give them a Happiness as durable as Life.

F I N I S.

The LUCKY RAPE; or, Fate the best Disposer.

IN the Metropolis of *Spain's* extensive Realm, was a Lady whose extravagant Beauty render'd her the general Admiration of all who beheld her; her Father *Don Giffardo* was never at Rest for the daily Sollicitations that were made him on her Account; but having a very material Reason for not disposing of her in Marriage, till his Son who was employ'd in a publick Negociation to a Foreign Court shou'd return, to prevent her from entring into any Engagements contrary to his Will, and to ease himself of the fruitless Addresses with which he was daily importuned, he sent her privately to a Kinswoman's House at *Andalusia*, desiring she might be kept there conceal'd till he should order her Return.

The young Beauty obey'd without Reluctance, as knowing this Banishment proceeded not from want of Tendernefs, but the contrary. *Don Giffardo* had in his Youth been guilty of something which had rendred him obnoxious to the Government, on which he was apprehended, his Goods confiscated, and but with great Interest obtain'd his Life; he had then a little Son to whom the Duke *De Alva* being Godfather, the Intercession of that great Man obtain'd for the Infant the forfeited Lands of his unhappy Father, on Condition that he shou'd be educated under his Care, and hold no Correspondence with *Giffardo*; the Duke promis'd all that was requir'd of him, and sent him to receive the first Rudiments of Literature at *Rome*, where he profited so much that at his Return he was applauded by all who examin'd into the Progress he had made; from thence the Duke
sent

sent him to Travel ; he made the Tour of *Europe*, and brought with him from every different Court he visited, some Embellishment of Learning or Behaviour peculiar to the Place: — In fine, there cou'd not be a more accomplish'd Courtier; his noble Patron was so infinitely satisfied with what he had done for him, that he carry'd him to kiss the King's Hand, and that Monarch took so great a Fancy to him, that he was pleas'd to tell him, the Appearance of the Son had almost eras'd the Memory of the Father's Faults; he cou'd not however prevail on the Duke to gratify that filial Tenderness which fill'd him with a Desire of seeing his Parents ; all that he cou'd do, was to obtain Permission to allow him Part of the Estate for his Subsistence. — The Duke being engag'd in the Low Countries, *Don Henriques*, for that was the Name of this accomplish'd young Gentleman, attended him during his Residence there, and was afterwards employ'd by him in an Embassy to the Prince of *Parma*. In all this time he had never seen either of his Parents, nor a Sister who was born after his Father's Disgrace, and who is the same whose Adventures are the Subject of this History. *Don Giffardo* therefore had good Reason not to match his Daughter till the Return of the Son, in whose Power only it was to give her a Dowry, which might entitle her to a Settlement suitable to her Birth ; and from the Sweetness of whose Disposition and natural Affection, he had just Cause to expect she wou'd be taken Care of, in a manner becoming her Deserts, and the Sister of so great a Man as the Duke's Interest had now made *Don Henriques*. There were several whose Passion for her was disinterested enough to engage them to look on her Possession as a sufficient Treasure ; but *Don Giffardo* had not lost the Greatness of his Spirit

Spirit with his Estate, nor cou'd consent his Daughter should be oblig'd to the Love of any Man who 'twas possible might afterward have upbraided her with the Misfortunes of her Father, and her own want of a Portion. He infus'd these Notions also into the Mind of the young *Emilia*, and she having as yet no particular Fancy for any of those who had address'd her, was perfectly easy at retiring from their Courtship, and took Leave of *Madrid*, without any Expectations of returning till her Brother should find a Husband for her.

With a Heart entirely free, and a Mind full of Tranquility did she arrive at *Andalusia*; but alas! she too soon found there, what not all the Solicitations of the adoring Crowd cou'd at *Madrid* inspire her with. It being the time of *Carnival* when she came to this Relation's House, the good Lady was willing to give her what Diversion she cou'd, in lieu of those more pompous ones she had left behind her, and therefore permitted her to enjoy all the Freedoms that Season allow'd with only one Restriction, which was that whoever, taking the Liberty of the Time, should happen to address her, she should with the utmost Care conceal her real Name, and go by that of *Florella*: This she promis'd to obey, and indeed did so with a Fidelity which had like to have been fatal to her.

A Masquerade happening to be one of the Diversions of the Place, she was there accosted by a young Gentleman, at the first Sight of whom she felt Emotions, such as had till then been Strangers to her Soul; she knew not whether she was most pleas'd or pain'd while he continued talking to her; but if at any time he turn'd away or seem'd to address another, she was too well convinc'd which of those Passions had most Predominancy in her Bosom; but of this she had but short Intervals, he appear'd perfectly attach'd to her, and was in truth

no less enamour'd with her than she with him : He entreated her to acquaint him with her Name and Place of abode, and begg'd her Permission to write to her, in Terms so moving and so graceful, that she cou'd not refuse him ; Love however already made her cunning, she knew very well the Person to whose Care she was entrusted wou'd not permit her to receive or answer any Letters, she therefore order'd him to leave what he would have her read in a great Tree, at the Root of which was a little Cavity, where he might easily conceal the Paper, and she with little Difficulty take it out

Thus was she unadvisedly entring into Measures at *Andalusia* ; which to avoid, she had been sent from *Madrid* ; but she was in Love, and whoever is acquainted with that Passion, will know it allows little Room for Consideration, especially in a Mind so young and unexperienc'd as hers. She had never seen any thing so charming as *Don Berinthus*, for so he told her he was call'd ; his Appearance and Behaviour made her not doubt but that he was of a Rank equal to her own, and she fancied herself very far from indiscreet in endeavouring to fix the Affections of a Man who seem'd so worthy of hers. If he continues to love me, as *Florella* said she to herself, and thinks me worthy of his serious Addresses while he takes me for no more than a Country Girl, as here I pass for, taken by the Compassion of the Woman of this House, how greatly will his Regards encrease when he shall know my Birth, and that I am Sister to the Man whom all the World esteems, and who I doubt not but will give me a Dowry answerable to the Fortune of this young Cavalier. In this manner did she reconcile the Suggestions of her Love to Reason, and fear'd nothing so much as that she shou'd not have had the Power to make an Impression on him sufficient

ent to engage him to write. The first thing she did was to go to the Tree appointed for the Repository of the Declarations she expected him to make; but finding nothing there but Dirt and Moss, she return'd home ill satisfied with her own Charms. A few Hours after she went again, but was then made Reparation for her former Disappointment, — The welcome Paper was now left, which taking out with an impatient Transport, she found it contain'd these Lines.

To the Charming FLORELLA.

HOW diffident is Love! with what unspeakable Inquietudes have I pass'd this Night in the Apprehensions that I should not have been able to create in you the least Propensity to favour me with that Conversation your good Humour last Night made me hope, nay, I have even fear'd you wou'd not retain in Memory that Promise or Appointment which I receiv'd from your own Heavenly Mouth, and that this Letter will lie buried in the Concave of the Tree, and never be so blest as to kiss your Hands; — Yet should you, I say, be so cruel as (by Heavens I cannot, will not, nay dare not, think you can) to let it lie forlorn and neglected, believe its Author must soon be laid much lower, no more alas! to rise, if not instantly (by you) commanded to live. — Yes, my Charmer, short as our Acquaintance is, my Love for you is already so twisted with the Strings of Life, that when one breaks, the other must dissolve: — Oh! then continue to nourish both with Hope, — Give me some Demonstration that I am not hated by you, and permit me to imagine that my constant Services in time may rise me to some little Degree in your more tender Wishes. I shall, with an Impatience proportion'd to my Passion, watch

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the happy Tree, which I shall bless if in its Trunk
I find an Answer to these Love-dictated, tho' inco-
herent, Lines; Oh believe me to be much, much
more than Words can speak,

The adorable Florella's

everlasting Vassal,

BERINTHUS.

If you would have me live another Day, defer
no longer than this Evening the Knowledge of
my Fate.

Tho' the Stile of this was indeed passionate e-
nough to content the most amorous Reader, yet
the transported *Florella* thought it much more so
— Did ever Man love to so charming an Excess,
cry'd she; how blind to my own Happiness must
I have been to have deny'd myself a Blessing such as
this? Fired with these delightful Images did she hast
to her Closet, and without giving herself time to
reflect how dangerous it was to encourage Ad-
dresses of this Nature, too easily wrote him an An-
swer in the following Terms.

To the most engaging DON BERIN-
THUS.

IT cannot be that you should know so little of
yourself as to imagine any Conversation held
with you can be forgotten; the Remembrance of
that we had together kept me awake all Night;
and I make no Scruple to assure you, you oblig'd
me to pay a Visit to the Tree before you came to
it: — The Affection you profess for me en-
gages this Confidence, and 'tis my Opinion, that
the way to meet Sincerity is to act with it; I
shall lay aside all those little Decorums of my Sex,
and own that if your Pretensions are as honour-
able and fervent as they seem, I wish no greater
Blessing,

Blessing, ——— The way to convince me of it, is to write frequently; this leaves you no room to doubt your Letters are welcome, and a speedy Reply from

FLORELLA.

Having convey'd this into the Tree, she retir'd to indulge Contemplation with a thousand Ideas of approaching Joy, ——— she wou'd not now have chang'd Condition with an Empress, so much was she in Love, and so assur'd was she in her own Mind of being belov'd to the greatest Height that ever Woman was; ——— She stirr'd not abroad that Evening, taking more Pleasure in thinking of *Berinius*, than all the Diversions in the World without him cou'd have afforded. The Night was past in much the same manner as the former, between waking Wishes, and deluding Dreams, and early in the Morning repairing to the Tree, found an Addition to her former Raptures by a second Letter, the Contents whereof were these,

*To the most enchanting of her Sex, the
equally good as well as lovely F L O -
R E L L A.*

WITH what Words, O thou divine one! shall I repay your Bounty; it is not in my Power to confer Blessings such as I receive; all I can return, is Gratitude and Thanks, ——— To what Happiness has your obliging Letter rais'd me; I were indeed the most unworthy Wretch alive, cou'd I be capable of wronging so charming a Confidence, ——— No, my most excellent, my most adorable *Florella*, as your Beauty captivated me, so your Goodness confines me your everlasting Slave, ——— But yet, — ah! how encroaching is Love!
—— Al-

— Already favour'd beyond my Hopes, my Expectations, or Deserts, my presuming Wishes still covet more and greater Blessings; I burn, I languish with impatient Longings, till from your enchanting Tongue I hear the Confirmation of what your Pen declares: — I am told a second Masquerade is intended for to Morrow Night, at the same Place where first I had the Blessing of seeing and adoring you: — Oh! wou'd you favour me with a meeting there, how wou'd the Interview transport me, — Consider my Angel that the Freedom which the time of Carnival permits, is but of a short Duration, and that then ensues Restrictions and Restraints; it will not then be in your Power, perhaps, to afford me the Felicity I beg, and which is absolutely necessary, not only to my Repose, but also to my Life, — let a dear Mandate this Night bring your Consent to my Entreaty, and depend on the eternal Fidelity of

*Your most tender and
most passionately devoted*
BERINTHUS.

I need not inform the Reader that she accepted this Appointment with as much Willingness as he entreated it; none can doubt of it who know with how much Pleasure she embrac'd all Opportunities of a Conversation with him. The first Moment she cou'd seclude herself from the Observation of the Family, she wrote him this Answer to his Request.

To the most worthy BERINTHUS.

AFTER the Regard I have confess'd, there is no room for you to doubt I shall willingly contribute to any Measures which may be taken for the Improvement of our Friendship:

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— I will not fail to be at the Masquerade, and tho' those hurrying Diversions are now grown tasteless to me, and Company a Burthen, yet where *Berintbus* is, I am certain of seeing no other Object, as your Idea never suffers me to be alone, so will your real Presence make me blind to that of any other Person, and tho' in the midst of a Crowd I shall fancy myself alone with you; — Farewell, take care to burn my Letters, but treasure up the Kindness of them in your Heart.

FLORELLA.

All this Night was past in a pleasing Expectation, — So inconsiderate did her Passion make her, that she never so much as once reflected that there was a Possibility that *Don Berintbus* might take Advantages of her easy Compliance, very much to the Prejudice of her Virtue, she had indeed no Thought of ill herself, nor suspected it in him, so that one may justly say, that she was guilty of Inadvertency but no more.

The Hour appointed for the Masquerade to begin, being arriv'd, she was one of the first there; and her too great Haste of meeting *Berintbus*, making her prevent the time of his coming, she was attack'd in a very gay Manner by a young Cavalier. The Vexation of being compell'd to speak to any other than *Berintbus*, made her Answer him in peevish Terms, which he little regarded, and went so far as to offer to unmask her, and wou'd have proceeded to Rudeness if at her offering to fly from him as he held her, she had not shriek'd out, and by that Means drawn several Persons who were at the other End of the Room to her Assistance: The Cavalier was reprimanded for abusing the Privilege of the Place, but he being in Liquor was not to be perswaded, and still persisted to treat *Florella* as he had begun, which renewing her Outcries,

cries, Swords were immediately drawn in her Defence, and the Person who affronted her compell'd to quit the Room: The Fright she had been in however seiz'd her Spirits in such a manner that she fell down in a Swoon in the Middle of the Assembly; her Vizard being taken off to give her Air, discover'd a Face beautiful enough to excite Desire in the most frozen Heart, and make an Anchorite a Lover; but he that most felt the Effects of her Charms was *Don Alonzo*, a Gentleman of great Quality and Fortune, but a Stranger in *Andalusia*; he was infinitely busy in using Means for her Recovery, and either by being nearest to her when she fell, or that the others who stood by, had Mistresses in the Place before whom they fear'd to express any particular Concern for the Indisposition of this young Beauty, he had the Privilege of supporting her while in her Fit, and taking care of her when she was out of it, — She recover'd her Senses indeed, but was so weak and disorder'd with the unusual Agitation she had sustain'd, that not all her Inclination to see *Don Berinthus* cou'd enable her to stay. *Alonzo* made a Proffer of his Service to attend her home, and it being dark, and she without any Friend to be her Guard, she had a Necessity of giving some Body that Trouble, and therefore hesitated not to let him have the Office.

Never was Man more prone to amorous Inclinations than this *Alonzo*, nor had been accusom'd to go greater Lengths for the Gratification of them, so ungovernable were his Desires that way, that when once rais'd, no Considerations were of Force to with-hold him from the Pursuit, — He was fir'd with the Beauties of the fair *Florella*; he passionately long'd to enjoy her, and not being to continue long in that Country, knew he shou'd not have time to make a formal Courtship, or take those Measures which were necessary to prevail on her

her to comply with his wild Wishes; he resolv'd therefore not to lose the Opportunity which Fortune seem'd to throw in his Way for the Accomplishment of them; and instead of carrying her Home, he conducted her by private Turnings (which the Night and Confusion she was in made her not observe,) to an Inn where he lay during his Stay at *Andalusia*. She knew nothing of the Deceit he had practis'd on her, till she found herself in a House where she was altogether a Stranger; but when she discover'd it, no Words can utter the Terror, the Surprize, and Fear which all at once invaded her whole Soul; fain she would have flown, fain by her Shrieks claim'd the Protection of the People of the House, but her Agitations were too violent to permit her; she sunk motionless a second time; which forwarding his Purpose, he convey'd her by the Assistance of his Servants up a Pair of back Stairs which led to his Chamber, where throwing her upon the Bed, and all impatient of further Delays, while she was in that Condition, he perpetrated his vile Intent, ravag'd each sweet Charm about her, and left her only the Ruins of a Virgin.

The cruel Rapture was not over before the Strength of her Constitution or the Violence he offer'd brought her to herself; and too well knowing what had happen'd, it wou'd be needless as it wou'd be vain to give any Description of her State, — All that one can say, or conceive, of Wretchedness, was infinitely short of what she felt; to be ruin'd in her Honour, undone in her Love, made the Prey of a Man whom till that Hour she had never seen, was too terrible, and too shocking for Sense to bear; she fell into Ravings, which to silence, he was sometimes oblig'd to stop her Mouth with his Handkerchief, till she was almost strangled: Do, kill me wou'd she cry, as soon as she regain'd the Power of Speech, I wish not to live after the

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Misfortune which has befallen me, and be assur'd that if I do, Revenge shall be alone my Care. It was in vain that he endeavour'd by all imaginable Expressions of Softness to mitigate her Rage; she who was wont to appear all Gentleness, now seem'd a Fury; and he was beginning to consider by what Means he should either calm the Tempest he had rais'd, or escape the Rage of it, not doubting by her Behaviour, but she wou'd proclaim the Violence he had used, the Punishment of which he dreaded, when one of his Servants whispering him in the Ear, he left the Room, charging the Fellow to look carefully after her, and neither suffer her to leave the Place, nor offer any Injury to herself, as in this Distraction it was highly probable she wou'd attempt to do.

The Author of her Misfortune out of Sight, it was in silent Tears alone that she lamented it, — But long did she not indulge this way; the Violence of her Despair, before she receiv'd an Interruption as strange as at the first it was shocking, — She imagin'd she heard the Voice of *Don Berinthus* arguing with her Undoer in this Manner, By Heaven, *Alonso*, said he, you will never give over the Pursuit of your Madness, till some irremediable Misfortune happens, — Had you by fair Means subdued the Girl, I should not have condemn'd you; but to commit a Rape, 'tis base, 'tis cruel, nor know I with what Words to excuse you. I confess, replied the other, that I have been to blame, — But prithee joyn with me to bring her to Moderation, and if it be possible for me to refrain, I never will proceed in the like manner more. With these Words, they both enter'd the Chamber: But when the ruin'd Maid found that her Lover was come to be a Witness of her Shame, how mean was all she had felt before in Comparison with this, — She wou'd have spoke, but Grief and Rage for some time gave her not the Power: He too was in little less

less Confusion when he beheld his admir'd *Florella* to be the Person ravish'd by his Friend, — *Florella*, is it possible ! said he, with an Accent wholly compos'd of Softness, and at the same time running to her with an unspeakable Concern ; — Oh revenge me, cry'd she, in a faint Voice, revenge me, if you ever lov'd me, on that Undoer of my Honour, that Ruin of my Hopes, that brutal Ravisher, — These Words, and the Actions of them, both convinc'd *Don Alonzo* that he had chose but an ill Champion in his Cause, and doubted not but he shou'd soon be call'd to an Account even by him whom he expected should have defended him. Is this Woman then of your Acquaintance, said he, to the distracted Lover : The Mistress of my most fond Affections, answer'd he, and can I see her thus insulted, and ruin'd, without Redress, the innocent, the sweet *Florella*, — He was going on, but she by this time a little more recover'd, and bent on Vengeance, interrupted him in this Manner, no, not *Florella*, cry'd she with an enrag'd Accent, not the little Daughter of a Country Farmer as is here reported, but *Emilia*, a Maid of noble Birth and Expectations, and Sister to *Don Henriquez*, now on his Embassy to *Parma*, it is whom you have dishonour'd and abus'd, — I will no longer conceal myself, but by proclaiming who I am to all the World, find some at least whom partial Friendship will not render Deaf to my Entreaties : — A Peal of Thunder loosning the Poles, and threatening the whole Universe with Desolation, cou'd not have caus'd a greater Shock in those who heard them ; he who had declar'd himself so passionate a Lover now started from her Arms in wild Amazement : *Alonzo* look'd confounded and aghast, and even the attending Servants seem'd confus'd and terrify'd for the Event of this Discovery. *Emilia*, for we shall call her *Florella* no more, perceiving the Amazement she had occasion'd, and believing it not

to the Disadvantage of her Design, tho' far from guessing at the real Cause, resum'd her Menaces in this manner; Yes Wretch, said she, to *Don Alonzo*, that Brother, that *Henriquez*, will shortly return to *Spain*, and will revenge a Sister thus undone, thus treated like the vilest. — He must, nor will impatient Honour longer be delay'd, cry'd he, whose Love she had depended on for the Vindication of her Cause; come *Alonzo*, continued he, drawing his Sword, 'tis needless to repeat our Cause of Quarrel, nor can you expect any other Favour from my Hands than this. I cannot, reply'd the other; yet hold *Henriquez*, you know it is not that I fear to fight, but conscious of the Wrongs I have done to fair *Emelia*, in Justice to her, and to the Friendship which long has been between us, I offer an Attonement more honourable than my Blood, — A holy Priest shall, if you both consent, this Moment give a Sanction to the Joys I but by Force have snatch'd. Had she not, resum'd the other, been blasted by your brutal Violence, she had been worthy of *Alonzo's* Bed, great as he is in Power and vast Possessions, nor shall she become the Bride of Pity or Contempt. By Heaven I mean not so, cry'd *Alonzo*; her Birth, her Beauty, and our Friendship forbid a Thought so injurious to them all; — I will adore her, love her, and if she can pardon what is past, look on the first Moment of my seeing her as the happiest of my Life. They had some farther Conversation to the same Purpose, during which the fierce Convulsions of Surprise, to find the Person she had taken for her Lover, and call'd *Berinthus*, to be her Brother, prevented her from giving any Interruption to what they said, till *Don Henriquez* approaching her, and at the same time *Alonzo* falling on his Knees before her; What say you Sister, cry'd the former, can you forgive this Penitent? I am so confounded, answer'd she, that I know not what to say: But if you wou'd ease me of Part of the Astonishment

nishment which destroys my Reason, inform me by what strange Adventure you came to *Andalusia*, or why deceiv'd me by a fictitious Name? The Apprehensions, resum'd he, what might be the Issue of that Falacy, tho' past, are shocking to my Soul.

—— But to comply with your Request, know, that passing from *Parma* by Sea, a violent Storm Shipwreck'd our Vessel, and I know not if any but *Alonzo* and myself escap'd the Fury of the Waves.

—— All our Effects being lost, except some Bills of Exchange he had in a Pocket-book, whose Seal-skin Cover preserv'd it unstain'd by the Water, he advis'd me to come to *Andalusia*, where the Merchant on whom they are drawn has his Residence,

—— Not appearing in a manner becoming of my Post, made me conceal my real Name under that of *Berintus*, which I design to bear till my Servants and Equipage, which I have sent for from *Madrid*, should arrive. This was the only Reason why you discover'd not your Brother; and had not this Accident happen'd to bring us to each others Knowledge, how wretched and how guilty might we have become by a mistaken Tendernefs.

There ceas'd *Henriquez*: And the disconsolate *Emilia* sigh'd at the Remembrance of what might have happened, had they remain'd ignorant of each other; but recollecting herself as well as she cou'd, she related to her Brother the Cause of her concealing her Name, and the Fear her Father was in, lest she should dispose of herself before his Arrival. This mutual Eclaircissement being past, *Don Alonzo*, with all the soft Submissions that Love and Penitence cou'd inspire, entreating her Forgiveness, and that she wou'd permit him to make what Reparation was in his Power, —— *Don Henriquez* seconded his Sollicitations in so strenuous a manner, that she, who had always resolv'd to follow the Directions of this dear Brother before she saw him, cou'd no longer refuse her Consent, and in-

deed the Quality, Estate and Personal Perfections of *Don Alonzo*, might have entitled him to far greater Expectations than he could have in the Daughter of *Giffardo*, even before the Confiscation of his Lands.

This Rape therefore which had the Appearance of the most terrible Misfortune that Female Virtue cou'd sustain, by the secret Decrees of Destiny, prov'd her greatest Good, since by it she was not only deliver'd from that manifest Danger of Incest she was falling into, but also gain'd a Husband, who, setting aside that one Foible of giving too great a Loose to his amorous Desires, which afterwards he very much reſtified, was one of the bravest and most accomplish'd young Nobleman in all *Spain*.

The CAPRICIOUS LOVER ;
or, no trifling with a W O -
 M A N.

CALISTA was the shining Beauty of all *Castile*; her Parents dying when she was very young, left her the sole Heiress of great Possessions, and her vast Fortune join'd to her personal Accomplishments, made her the general Desire of as many as had any Pretensions to Success; but of all that made their Court, there was none who had the Secret to please her, but the Cavalier *Montano*; she found a particular Charm in his Conversation which, in spite of her Efforts, inclin'd her in his Favour; and tho' she look'd on an Excess of Passion as the direct Enemy of Tranquility, and struggled to repel the soft Invader with all her Might, yet the
 God

God of tender Wishes took Possession of her Soul, and when once there, became a very Tyrant.

Montano had, indeed, sufficient to excuse the most passionate Regards; he had Birth, Fortune, Honour, and good Nature; and as to the Charms of his Person, they were such as few cou'd equal and none exceed; it was not therefore because she lov'd and preferred him to all others, that she condemn'd herself, but because she lov'd him with a Passion which would not suffer her to know a Moment's Peace; if in his Company, she labour'd under the most cruel Restraint that cou'd be, least some ungarded Look or Action should betray to him a Fondness which she thought unbecoming the Modesty of her Sex; and if absent from him, she was incapable of relishing the Pleasures of any other Society; her greatest Art was in affecting a Chearfulness which she cou'd not feel without him.

As she was enamour'd to this immense Degree, *Montano* was not less so, and tho' his Uneasinesses were of another kind, yet they were equally tormenting; the excessive Fears of not being lov'd by her in the manner he wish'd to be, kept him from knowing his Happiness, and blinded him to that which all the World besides himself with Ease perceiv'd: ——— The Caution she made use of in her Behaviour to him, he took for the Effects of a real Indifference; and tho' she had on his Account discarded all others who made Pretensions to her, and had made him a kind of Promise to marry with no other Man, yet was he not contented; he imagin'd he was indebted for the Condescensions he receiv'd from her, only to her Pity, and had something so nice and over delicate in the Love he had for her, that he cou'd not consent to be blest in the Possession of her, without being ascertain'd she would also feel the same Degrees of Pleasure, ——— One thing which contributed to make him wretched was, that which most other Lovers

Lovers would have look'd on as the greatest Happiness, the little Propensity he found in her to Jealousy ; he cou'd not believe, that Love could arrive to any great Height in a Heart incapable of harbouring that other Passion, and wou'd have blest his Fate to have discover'd in her Behaviour towards him, any of those suspicious Enquiries, watching where he went, or railing at all Women he spoke well of, — She loves me not 'tis plain, wou'd he often cry to himself, she regards not what I do, nor to whom I carry my Addresses; her Readiness to believe all I say to her, convinces me she is wholly indifferent if it be sincere or not, — Ah! how unhappy am I in not being able to inspire her with a Tenderness more sublime.

It was with these Chimeras he not only tormented himself, but her, for waiting for a more full Confirmation of her Love before Marriage, and not pressing the Accomplishment of the Promise she had made him, fill'd her with mortal Agonies; she not only believ'd him indifferent and unkind, but that the Professions he had made her tended rather to Dishonour than the contrary. This Imagination increasing her Reserve, encreased also his Jealousy of her Love, and both deceiv'd by these Ideas, had Minds which none wou'd envy either the Possession of. *Calisto* suffer'd no less from Pride than Love, when she reflected on the Condescensions she had made a Man who took so little Advantage of them; and by affecting a haughty Scorn whenever he approach'd her, confirm'd him in the Belief more than ever, that insensible of Tenderness herself, she in private laugh'd at that she found in him.

Almost distracted with these self-form'd Ills, he resolv'd some way or other to be satisfy'd of the Reality of her Sentiments, and that he might be so, enter'd into Measures so extravagant that they wou'd be incredible, had not the fatal Consequence made too great a Noise in the World, not to leave many living

living Witnesses of them. — Dear as he priz'd her Presence, he forc'd himself to refrain visiting her for several Days; each of which he took Care to appear at some publick Diversion, and to have those Persons with him whom he knew wou'd bring her an Account, that so she might be assur'd it was neither Business nor Indisposition which detain'd him.

Having acquainted the Reader with what an Excess of tender Passion she was agitated, 'tis easy to guess the Racks of Thought, which Usage, such as this, from the Inspirer of it, must occasion: I shall therefore only say, that great as they were, she resolv'd even to Death to preserve the Decorum of her Sex, and feign as much as human Nature cou'd, an Insensibility of his Behaviour: This was indeed, (tho' she was ignorant of it) the severest Vengeance she cou'd take; for he who had done so vast a Violence to his Inclinations, as to refrain her Presence, only to try how she cou'd support it, wou'd have been bless'd to have receiv'd from her some Marks of her Resentment: Had she threatned, reproach'd, nay contriv'd the most horrid Punishment for his seeming Perjury, he wou'd then have been convinc'd she had been possess'd of an adequate Affection, as her Disregard of it now did, that she had never been for him, but as insensible of Love, as now she was of Rage.

Never did two People endure more than did this self-tormented Pair; she in the now assur'd Belief of his Inconstancy and Ingratitude, and he in that of her Indifference; yet both persisting in the several Methods that they had taken, it was little probable that either of them shou'd arrive at the Knowledge of the Truth, or an Eclaircissement be made to the Advantage of their mutual Peace.

Several Days being past in this Manner, *Montano* hearing nothing by all the Emissaries he cou'd employ of *Calista*, but what serv'd more to confirm him in his former Conjectures, grew almost distracted,
and

I determin'd to pursue the Project he had form'd to the utmost: He writ her a Letter ; the Contents of which are as follow.

To CALISTA.

As there has been a Treaty of Marriage between us, I could not with Honour break off without letting you know, before the World is apprisd of it: I therefore send this to inform you, that for many Reasons I am oblig'd to give over my Designs of marrying at least as yet: I shou'd be sorry, if I believ'd that the Caprice of my Mind in this Affair wou'd give you any Concern; but you have always behaved with that Indifference, as convinces me that you will receive this News with as little Emotion as I feel in sending it.— I wish you all Prosperity with any other Man; and whoever you make Choice of, I shall neither envy nor disturb his Tranquility.

Yours,

MONTANO.

P. S. I beg you will discharge me of some foolish Promises I have made you, with the same Readiness as I do you of all I have receiv'd.

What became of *Calisto* at the Receipt of this! the Violence of her Grief at first knew no Bounds; —She gave a Loose to Tears and to Impatience: But when the streaming Sorrow had had its Course, an equal Share of Rage succeeded; Pride took its Turn, and for some Moments found Ease in Hate.— She doubted not but she was forsaken for some other; and the Levity and Inconstancy of *Montano's* Temper, made him appear as despicable in her Eyes, as the Insolence and Rudeness of the Manner of his avowing it, did base and unmanly.— She had but one consolatory Thought among a Million of distracted ones, which was that she had never shewed any of those little Tendernesses for him, which Women in Love are so apt to express to the Object of their

their Affections. — I have not much Reason to suspect how wretched his Proceeding makes me, cry'd she to herself; and whatever I endure, I will prevent his Triumph that Way. To keep him therefore in this State, she sat down and prepar'd an Answer to his; the Words of which were these.

TO MONTANO:

I cannot say that the Receipt of yours gave me much Surprize, because as you justly observe there has long been an Indifferency between us, which I know cou'd not long endure without terminating in a downright Parting. — 'Tis much more commendable for us both, generously to avow our mutual Dislike, than by an insincere Tendernefs, endeavour to keep up a Love we cannot feel. — Neither of us I believe, but may have Engagements more pleasing than we can find in each other. — I freely clear you of all Obligations, though I never look'd on my self as under any: I had much rather you shou'd be of the same Opinion, than hereafter take Occasion to reproach me; each are therefore at Liberty to follow our different Inclinations; and to return the Complement at the Close of yours, I assure you, that shou'd I see the worst Enemy that I have in Possession of *Montano*, I shou'd not envy her Happiness; nor can any Thing relating to you disturb the Repose of

CALISTA.

Never was Distraction, never was Despair equal to that *Montano* felt at reading this; he fancy'd now that he was not only indifferent to *Calista*, but that also there was some other more happy in her Favour; he curst his Fate, all Mankind and himself, for loving a Woman so insensible, so ingrateful. In the midst of these Agonies let us leave him for a while, and see in what Manner she proceeded.

After

After having forc'd herself to write Lines so distant from her Heart, to prevent any of that Discontent, of which her Soul was full, from appearing in her Countenance; she flew out of the House, resolving not to be alone a Moment, nor give Way to Grief: Whoever, said she, hears of our Separation, shall also hear that I bore it with Unconcern; and the perfidious *Montano* shall be utterly depriv'd of the Triumph he expects. — I'll die, rather than discover the least Tittle of that shameful Tenderness which lurks within my Breast. How dreadful a Thing is it, to be possess'd at once with Love and Pride; those two Passions when meeting, are like Air and Fire, the one instead of vanquishing, rather enflames the other; yet are they ever at War, ever rending with unceasing Darts the Bosom which gives them Entrance. — What Misery is it to dissemble that which to reveal would give us Ease! With what Pain are the Sighs kept down, which as they are even ready to burst the Strings which hold the thobbing Heart! With what inexpressible Torment are the Tremblings of impatient Rage suppress'd, and the Tears of swelling Grief. — But all this did she sustain through the Greatness of her Spirit, and making a Tour round her Acquaintance, appeared amongst them with a Gaiety which surpriz'd all that knew of her Engagements with *Montano*, and that the Match was broke off. — News which she inform'd them of herself, to the End that if they heard of it by any other Means, they might believe it was the Effect of her Choice rather than his Inconstancy, nothing being so terrible to her as the Word forsaken, or the Thoughts of becoming an Object of Pity.

Gaspára, a Man of Worth and Fortune, who had long despair'd in Love of her, and had been discarded in Favour of *Montano*. — The passionate Love he had for her, not yet extinguished: — Hope rekindled the glowing Embers in his Soul, and having obtain'd
her

her Permission to visit her, renew'd his Addresses with a Warmth, which let her to know that her Charms had lost nothing of their accustom'd Force.

— She observed it with Pleasure, and instigated at once with Pride and Revenge against the imagin'd Inconstancy of *Montano*, and her Gratitude for the faithful Perseverance of *Gaspero*, she told *Gaspero*, that her Behaviour to him had been no more than a Tryal of his Affection, which since she found too sincere for Time, Absence, or ill Usage to remove, she wou'd that Moment, if he pleas'd, make him all the Retributions in her Power: Transported with this unexpected Grant, he took her at her Word, least Time shou'd bring about some other Revolution as much to the Disadvantage of his Hopes as this had been the contrary; and having obtain'd her Consent for the Celebration of their Marriage in private, a Priest was immediately sent for, and by the Help of a few mysterious Words, the indissoluble Knot was tyed: — In the Hurry of those Agitations which had wrought on her to do this Action, she had no Room for Consideration, nor once reflected on what she must endure in bringing herself to the Performance of those Duties requisite to make the State she had enter'd into either felicitous or reputable.—To shew *Montano* and the World that she regarded not his Falshood, was all she aim'd at; and having obtain'd this Point, either not thought of, or not regarded what her private Lot shou'd be.

But in Spite of the Privacy with which these Nuptials were celebrated, some Whispers of it were spread abroad, which the very next Day reach'd the Ears of the unfortunate *Montano*: With what Horror he was struck at the bare mention of such a Thing! at first he believ'd it not, may easily be guess'd at by those who have been made acquainted with the Violence of his Passion. He now forgot all the Resolutions he had taken to act the Indifferent, and

and all at once discover'd the raging, the burning, and despairing Lover. — He flew to her House, and enquiring for her of her Servants, was by them inform'd of the whole Truth, and that she was then in Bed with their new Master. — He had now no Power to rave or complain : This unexpected Confirmation of his irremediable Woe, seiz'd on all the Faculties of Speech and Motion, and down he fell in all Appearance dead ; and though they made use of all the proper Means for his Recovery, was a long Time before he came to himself ; the first Use of his Senses, was to entreat he might be permitted to see *Calista* once more ; desiring them to tell her it shou'd be the last Time he ever would ask either that or any other Favour from her. — One of them immediately complied with his Request, and let her know he was there, but concealed the Condition he had been in, fearing it might not be proper to discover it before the Bridegroom. *Calista* who was then just risen from Bed, had much ado to stifle the Confusion she was in to hear of a Visitor so unlook'd for, and at this Time so much unwish'd for ; but summoning all her Resolution to her Aid ; I cannot think said she, what Motive can induce him to come here, but since he is, tell him that I am married, and that if he has any Business to communicate to me, he must speak it before *Gaspero*, without whose Privacy and Partnership, I shall listen to nothing : The Servant return'd to *Montano* with these Commands. I desire no other, reply'd this disconsolate Lover, what I have to reveal, not only this happy Husband, but all the World may be Witness of.

With this he was conducted to a magnificent dining Room, where sat the Bride and Bridegroom on a Couch, his Arm about her Waist, and one of hers about his Neck ; her Head carelessly reclin'd on his Bosom, and all her Features dress'd in the softest Languishments of Love. — *Calista* having put herself in this Posture on Purpose to convince him that all
she

she had done for her new Choice, was the Effect of Love.

What a Sight was this for the despairing *Montano*, and what an Horror did the View of him create in her! when she beheld him enter the Room, not as she imagin'd gay, insulting, and with a careless Air, but trembling, pale and ghastly; more like the Ghost than real Substance of the once bright and debonaire *Montano*. She had no more the Power of counterfeiting, but starting from the Place she had been in, ran to a Window to conceal her Disorders, and wait the Issue of this Adventure; while he addressing himself in common to her and to *Gaspero*. I come not said he, you happy Lovers, to interrupt your mutual Felicity, but to wish you a long Continuance of those Joys you are at present in Possession of; for you *Don Gaspero*, continued he turning to him, may you ever be blest in the Possession of that Tenderness you alone have had the Power of inspiring in the Soul of the too adorable *Calista*.— And as for you, Madam, all that the undone *Montano* has to beg, is, that you wou'd be pleas'd to remember, it is to his releasing you of those Engagements you once made to him, that you owe the Power of accomplishing your Desires. This may deserve some little Gratitude; and make you think more kindly of him after Death than ever you cou'd in Life; and because the Sight of my Miseries may sometime or other give you Pain, I thus put it out of my Power ever to be troublesome again.—— As he spoke these Words, he drew his Sword, and threw himself upon it with so incredible a Force and Speed, that *Gaspero*, tho' he came immediately to him, had neither the Power of preventing the fatal Blow, nor the Surgeons of stopping the Torrent of Blood which issued from it: He died within an Hour, but had the Satisfaction of perceiving in his Death, what in his Life he could never be convinced of, the real and ardent Affection of his belov'd *Calista*; regard-
less

less now of the Condition she had enter'd into, or of what her Husband might think of her Behaviour, she threw herself upon his bleeding Body, confess'd she never lov'd but him, swore to die with him : He in Return related the Reasons of his seeming Falshood ; and never was there a Scene so sad and Pitty-moving, as that between these two faithful, but unhappy Lovers, made so only by the too great Delicacy of the Passion of the one, and mistaken Pride of the other.

After the Death of *Montano*, to the Extremity of Despair and Grief did the unfortunate *Calista* abandon herself; and *Gaspero* finding that he had been made but the Property of her Revenge for the suppos'd Infidelity of *Montano*, growing cool in his Affections, and taking but little Pains to console her, she fell into a languishing Disease, which, in a few Months sent her to enjoy with her ador'd *Montano* in another World that Felicity, which their ill Fate deny'd them to be Partakers of in this.

F I N I S.



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